"Curiosities of Courage"
By Richard Harding Davis

"Making a Country Home"
By "J. P. M."

Everybody's Magazine

1901

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FROM

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February

John Wanamaker Publisher

Good for the Spotter of Spotless Town!
He spotted a spot on the Butcher's gown.
'T would not be meet, for justice' sake,
To roast the Butcher at the steak,
And so behind the bars he'll go.
Bars of what?— **SAPOLIO**

Wilbur's

NEW COLLAR FOR MEN & WOMEN

BEST MADE ~ BOTH SIDES LINEN

Tie always in centre, cannot slip.
Collar always in shape, cannot spread.

Security 3 in
ATTACHE 2¾ in
Equity 2½ in

TRADE DOUBLE WEAR MARK

25c each, ½ dozen in box, $1.50—Dealers. Or sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

Wilbur's "Double Wear" collars, unlike other collars, are made and finished both sides alike. When one side becomes cracked the other is still perfect. For this reason "Double Wear" collars last twice as long, giving double the service found in other makes.
Wilbur collars are the best made for men and women—it pays to wear them.

Catalogue showing leading styles free upon application.

WILBUR, CAMPBELL, STEPHENS COMPANY, 504 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

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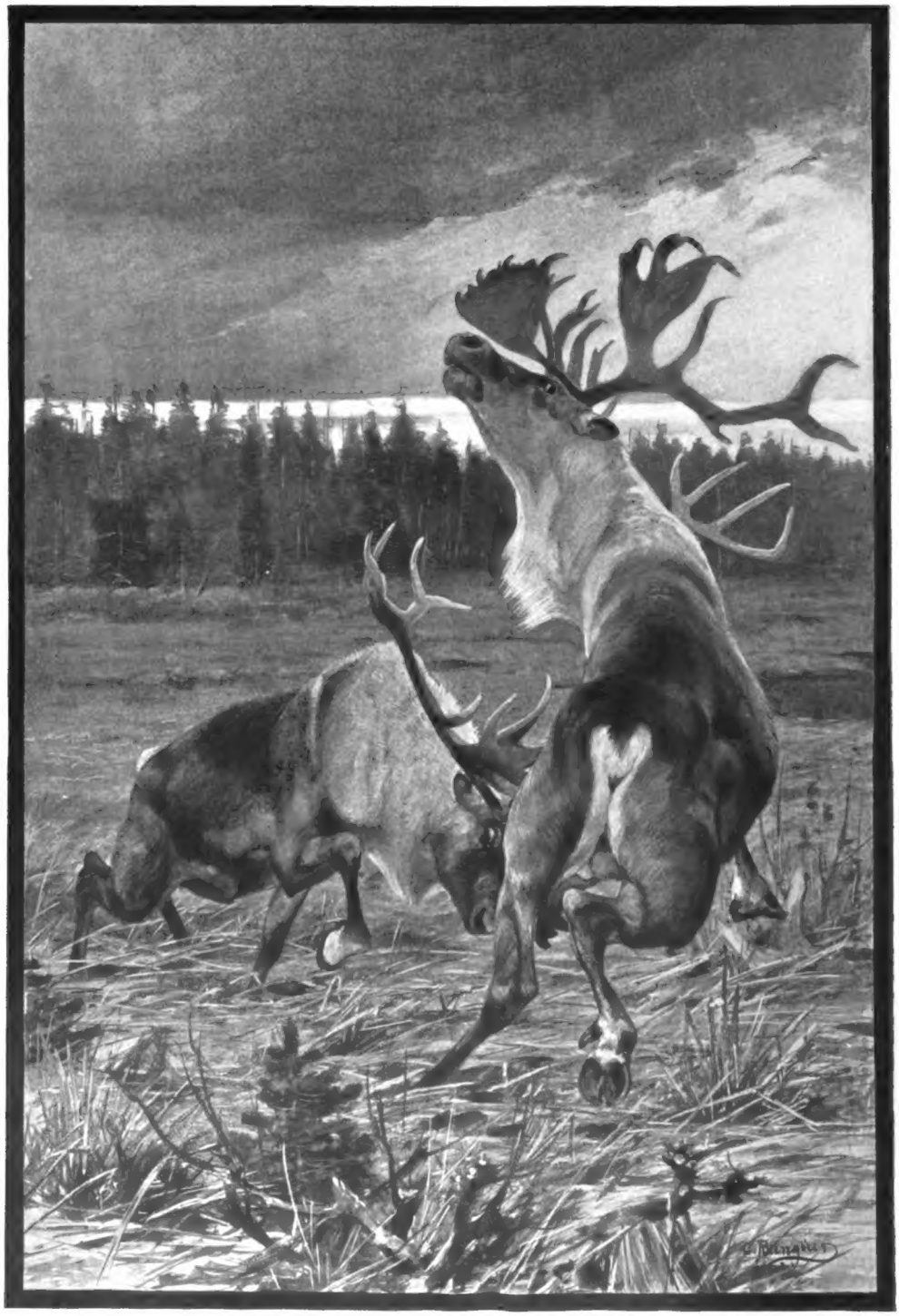

Painted by Carl Rungius.

ROARING IN FRENZY, THE OLDER BULL UPREARED, WAVERED, AND CRASHED BACKWARD.

From "The Conqueror," page 142.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1901. No. 18.

The Making of a Country Home.

By J. P. Mowbray ("J. P. M.").*

With Photographic Illustrations by Gertrude Käsebier, and decorations by Frances W. Delehanty.

I.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

MR. JOHN DENNISON lived in the large flat house, The Marmontelle, on Fifty-eighth Street. He had lived there two years; that is, ever since he had married the girl of his choice, who was then Lucy Raymond. He was superintendent in the large wholesale establishment of Clayton & Deems, very far down-town, and he was accepted in his own small circle of friends as a well-fixed and promising young man, capable of supporting a genteel establishment; who dressed his wife well, and entertained his friends with comfortable if not elegant hospitality. In other words, John Dennison was one of several thousand young men in the great city who earn a salary of two thousand four hundred a year, by the exercise of

* Mr. Mowbray's delightful series of papers in the New York *Evening Post*, over the signature of "J. P. M.," have made him widely known as a writer with remarkable feeling for country life and an equally notable power of expression. While this narrative is, of course, made generic in order to reach the largest measure of reality, the basis is drawn not from theory but from actual experience.

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routine fidelity, and manage to enjoy life as they go along. Most of his friends were men of the same status, who had given up many of their early ambitions and had adjusted themselves easily to that kind of commercial life in which there is little more than an assured competence or a comfortable drudgery.

But John Dennison at the end of two years had grown slightly restless in his mind at the prospect. If the truth could be known, this restlessness probably sprang from the cradle wherein his first-born was very daintily tucked up in laces. John possessed something of an imaginative mind, which, of all things in the world, is the most superfluous and distressing endowment for the superintendent of a large importing house. He probably inherited from his New England father what we call a constructive talent. He was always fashioning things just a little ahead of the prosaic duties that ought to have satisfied him when he became the possessor of a wife and baby.

He was within a year of being thirty, and twenty-five years more of getting on the car at seven in the morning and climbing back at five in the evening, going to the same cozy room, kissing his wife and baby in the same way, paying the same three-fourths of his salary to the landlord, the grocer, and the tailor, and nursing a contented mind by going to the Central Park on Sunday morning, and the theatre on Wednesday night—this prospect, he was beginning to feel sure, would become intolerable in twenty years more. But there was no escape from it. He had fixed his lot, and he must take things as they came, and, if possible, manage to squeeze out enough to keep up appearances and his life insurance—in case he should make a mis-step some night in jumping for an electric car.

Oddly enough John Dennison did not have the comfortable mental equipment that settles down passively under these conditions. He was more and more convinced, as he thought about it, that he was not getting all that a faithful drudge is entitled to in this life. He was not only not storing up any power, but the joys that he was seizing on the way were beginning to leave an unpleasant taste in his mouth. He had thought this over for several months; figured it this way and that in his own mind, without saying anything to his wife, but at last he arrived at something like a conclusion. He came home one night in the early spring, looking a little more tired than usual, and his wife met him in the hallway when he got off the elevator. She began at once:

"My dear, Kate Ellis came over this afternoon and insisted that we should join her and Wesley at dinner. They have found a new restaurant. I've forgotten where it is, but it is in some out-of-the-way place, and is all the go."

Her husband pushed the hair off her forehead and kissed her. "You did not promise them, I hope."

"No—not positively. I told her not to wait for us; perhaps you would not feel like going out."

"Thanks. I don't. I'd rather spend the evening with you. I detest all restaurants, and new ones especially. The perfidiousness of the food is regulated by the popularity of the place."

She looked pleased. "Do you feel economical or tired, dear?"

"Both."

"Then we'll eat our own dinner. Only one course, and that is restful. I was afraid you'd say yes, and I'd have to dress."

They went into the rooms, and John, with careless haste, made his way direct to a cradle, and pulling away the coverlet, began rubbing his mustache over something pink and warm, which responded with a cry.

"Now I hope you're satisfied," said his wife. "You had to wake him up, and I've been the last half hour getting him to sleep."

"The idea of your packing him out of sight just as I arrive!"

Whereupon he dug out the pink bundle and went up and down the room, playing a risky game of pitch-and-toss with it, and, it being a remarkably good-natured bundle,

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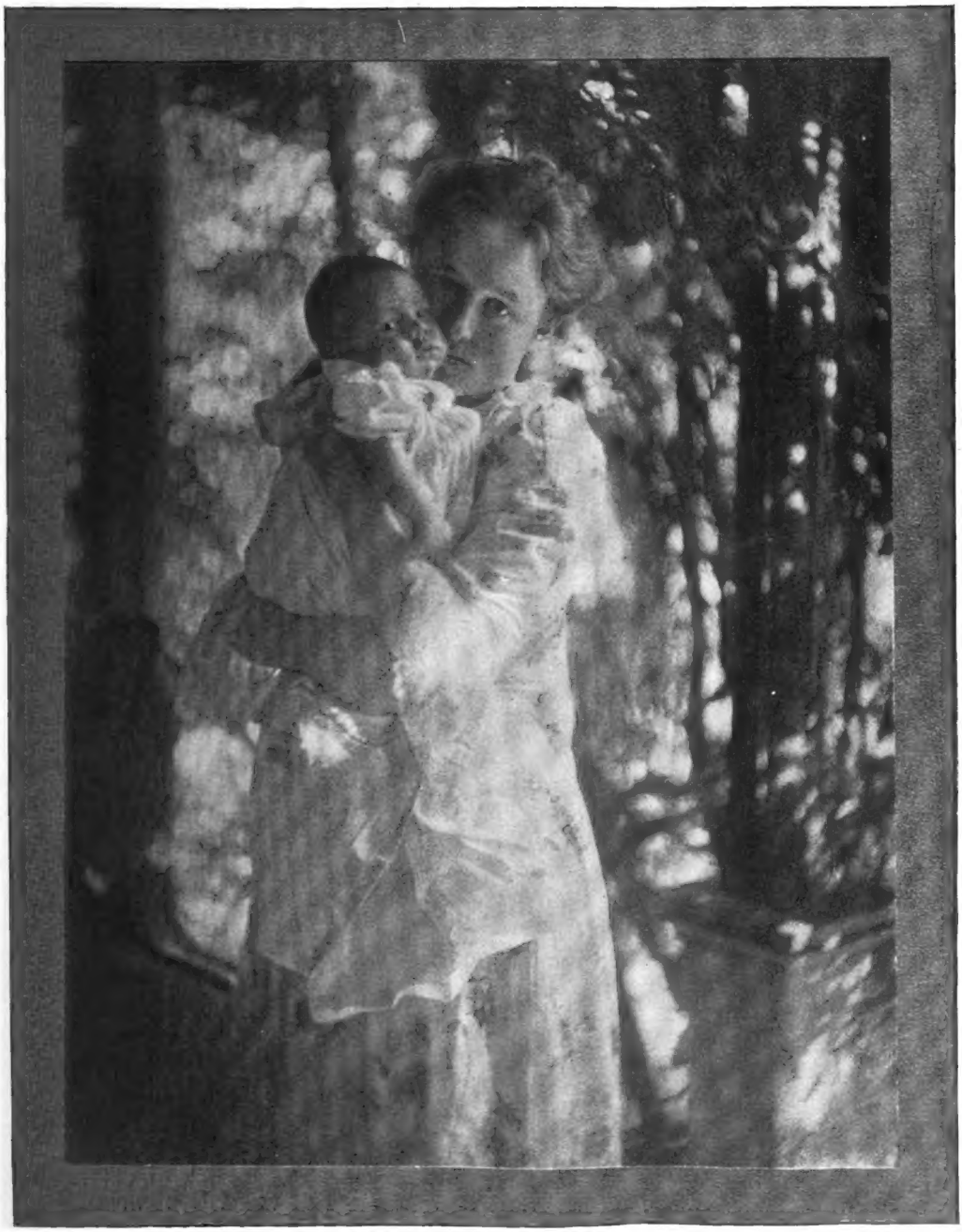

ACCORDING TO ST. GAUDENS HER MOUTH WAS TOO LARGE, AND HER NOSE HAD NONE OF THE RECTITUDE OF A GREEK PROFILE.

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quickly adapted itself to the loss of its nap, and after one or two rolls of the lip and watery stare of blue eyes, was tied in a baby's chair at the table, where it could clutch at the sugar bowl impotently, and John, slippered and smoking-jacketed, sat down to his dinner in their little dining-room.

"What are those?" he asked immediately, pointing with his fork to a dish in the middle of the table. "They look like birds. You don't call that economy."

"You shall find out for yourself. I felt extravagant and wanted to surprise you."

He fell-to eating with a good zest, for he was young and hearty, but his incidental attention to the baby, who had to throw the napkin-rings and spoons on the floor, *seriatim*, and needed a constant supply, occupied so much of his time, that his wife waited in vain for the expected burst of delight over her dish, and instead of drinking the cup of tea she had poured out, and which was steaming in front of her—for this little meal was an humble compromise of the city dinner and the country tea—she sat watching her husband, having already detected something unusual in his mood.

She was probably twenty-six years old; that is, about three years younger than John. She was one of that kind of girl who makes the discovery that she is pretty to only one man in the world, the rest of the world being content to take his estimate of her to avoid argument; but at odd times it must have been momentarily apparent to the rest of the world that John had the clearer vision, for she had that curious quality of flaring up suddenly into decided attractiveness, whereupon some of her most intimate female friends would remark, with a little display of that fine consideration for their own sex which they keep in reserve, "Lucy isn't such a bad-looking girl, after all," and this always gave occasion to one or two domestic cynics of the other sex to fire off their reserve shot, and remark with all the subtle irony of convenient commonplace, "Ah, madame, handsome is as handsome does. Mrs. Dennison is a pearl." It being, as Mrs. Johnson observed, a domestic cynic's notion that the ideal woman is secreted in the dark, according to the law of oysterdom.

Mrs. Dennison's photographs lacked many of the seductive qualities that make men tack them up at the head of their beds and keep them in anonymous albums. According to St. Gaudens her mouth was too large, and her nose had none of the rectitude of a Greek profile. At first sight, and unadorned, you set her down as one of those divine soubrettes in life's drama who are apt to make things merry. As her husband had once remarked with an entirely new admiration, she was evidently made for business. But it was noticeable that those who knew her best grew to like her large mouth. It was what her uncle, the dominie, had called the "*Os magna sonaturum*," and then mistranslated, as the mouth made for great laughs. As for her slightly snub nose, well, somehow that seemed, on a better acquaintance, to be a thoroughly human affair that was always trying to imitate, in its static way, the inimitable sauciness and cock of her head.

"Well," she said, "why don't you say something about my rare dish?"

Thus called to a proper sense of his duty, John broke out heedlessly. "Why, it's simply stunning. What the deuce is it, anyway? You got it at the French cook-shop, of course?"

"No, I didn't. I bought it at the pork-butcher's. It cost me thirty-five cents. It's common pork tenderloin. But I stuffed it with chopped green pepper and mushrooms and a bit of celery, and baked and basted it till my face was as red as a beet, and I don't believe you would have said a word if I hadn't prompted you."

John had that ordinary and vital sense of humor which is apt to take the direction of exaggeration. He laid back in his chair and pretended to be half paralyzed.

"Pork tenderloins," he exclaimed. "Well, you are a Banshee. Do you

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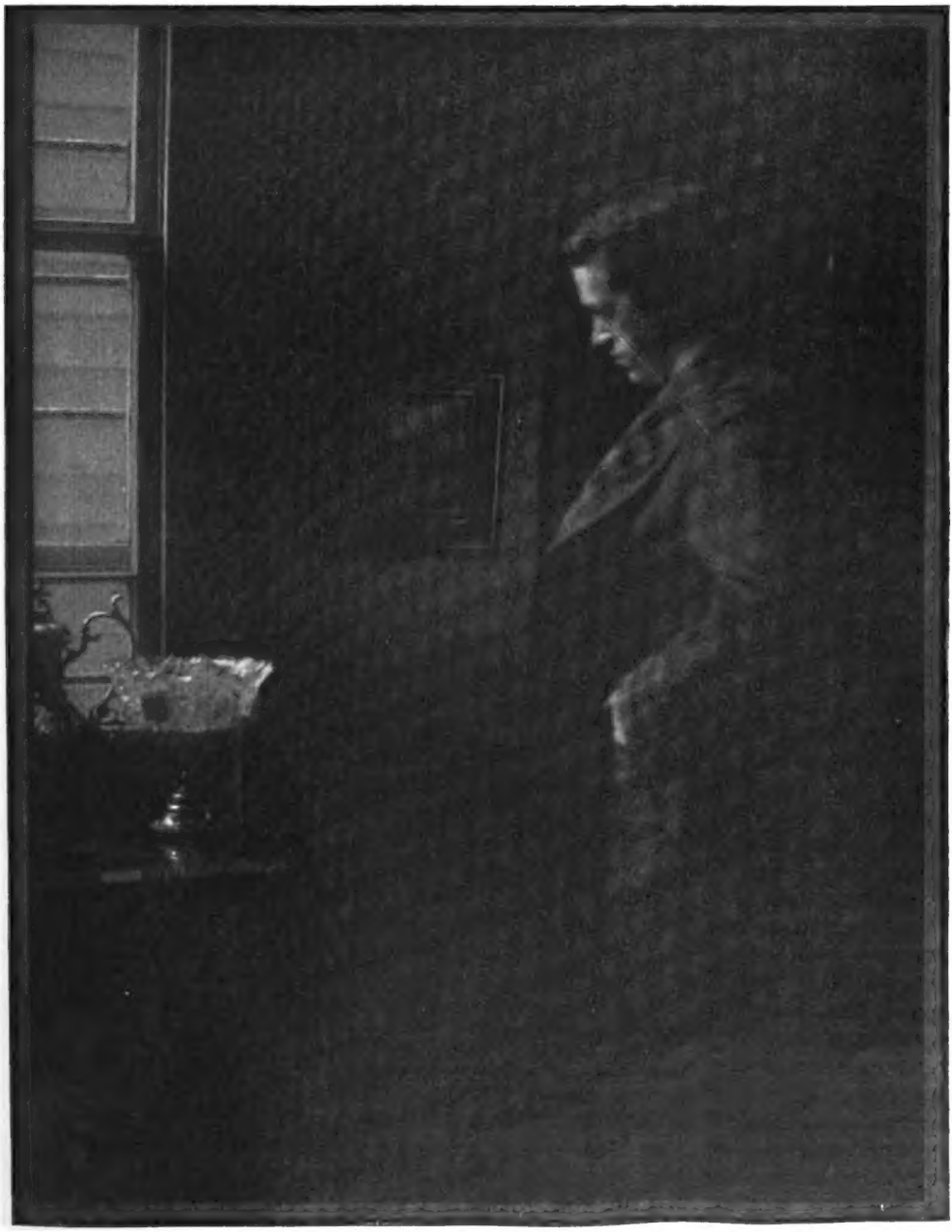

HE HAD PUT A TEN-DOLLAR FRAME ON HER PICTURE, AND WAS READY TO KILL ANY MAN WHO SAID IT WAS NOT EQUAL TO A COROT.

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know that I believe you could make tripe ambrosial, and set cabbage on a pinnacle if you gave your mind to it. Have you got any more? I feel like Cæsar. The appetite which you have created grows upon that which feeds it."

"No more. You have eaten the whole of it. There were only two."

"Except what you ate yourself. I gave you one."

"And I put it back while you were playing with the baby—cannibal."

He became suddenly serious. "Lucy," said he, after a pause, "do you know your possibilities scare me sometimes, I'm such a humdrum brute, and getting more so every day."

"But please don't let the baby throw that tea-cup on the floor and smash it. My mother gave me that set, and I can't replace it."

He moved the tea-cup away mechanically, but he was thinking of something else.

"I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN RELAPSE INTO ILLUSIONS WHEN FACTS ARE SO PRECIOUS AND PRACTICAL."

"You were worried when you came in," said his wife. "What is it?"

"You," he answered, as he got up and began poking about on the mantel for his cigar.

"Oh, come, don't jolly me. Out with it. What has happened?"

"You don't mind if I smoke in here?"

"No, dear, but the baby, remember—"

He laid the cigar down submissively, and coming back to his chair, said, with some little apparent effort: "Lucy, does it ever occur to you when you get tired that we made a mistake in getting married?"

She could not hide a look of astonishment, but she did not answer directly. She stared and said, "Well?"

"Don't misunderstand me. I should have said *I* made a mistake."

"Oh—h!" from the little woman's mouth, a curiously elongated and indefinite monosyllable, and then her husband might have seen, if he had been in an observant mood, what a fine agreement there was between her nose and the set of her head, together reminding one of a hair-trigger that only needs one more touch to go off.

"Yes," he went on, "I am older than you, and ought to have caught the lesson of life, which is plainly written for such fellows as I am—before taking the fatal leap. It's the commonest kind of smartness for a man who has a race to run, to win his goal before he handicaps himself—with a wife and a baby."

"And what put this belated rubbish into your head, my dear?" asked Lucy.

"You," he said. "Two years and a half ago, when I put the bonds upon you, you were brimful of a girl's rosiest dreams. I caught all my sense of the

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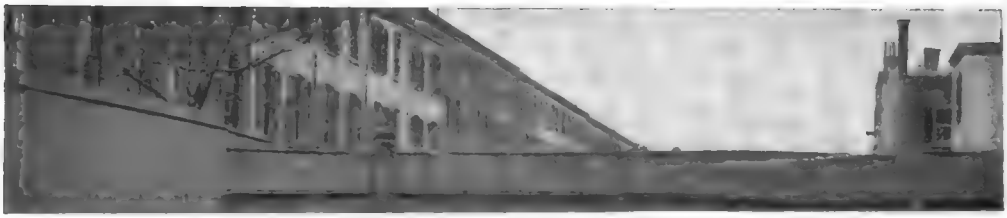


A SKY-LINE FROM THE REAR OF THE "CANAL-BOAT."

beautiful in God's world from you. You sang and painted and danced and dreamed, and I took you out of your throbbing exultant life, and shut you up in this canal-boat, where there is no present chance of escape. A man ought to be hanged for less."

This time she said "Oh," with an altogether different intonation, as if she felt relieved, and he plunged ahead.

"Do you remember that day you came home from Holyoke? I can tell you exactly how you were dressed, my dear, from your saucy leghorn hat to your stout little boots, and that alligator belt with a bunch of Marguerites stuck in it. You thought there wasn't anything good enough for you in this world. And you were right. You came fresh out of the pure air and brought some of it with you. Do you remember, my dear, my sentimental verses in which I called you 'rainy-sweet and blossom-glad'?"

His wife was listening, and there was a little water in her eyes. He was brute enough to remind her of what she no longer was. Woman-like, she was saying to herself with the rapidity of lightning, "I must be red with standing over the stove. I am not as fresh as I once was. It must be a disappointment to a man." What she managed to say to him was:

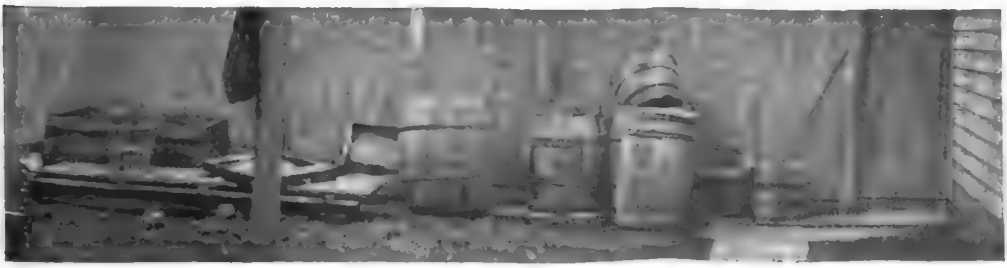
"I know, I know, John. I am no longer a school-girl with Marguerites. I wish I might be for your sake."

He stared at her with surprise, and seeing the water in her eyes which she was vainly endeavoring to hide, something of his blunt cruelty occurred to him, and getting up so suddenly that he upset the chair and frightened the baby, who began to cry, he came and put his arm tenderly around his wife's neck.

"Little woman," he said, "your feelings have gone off in the wrong direction, I swear it. I didn't remind you of that happy day when we came from Holyoke because you have lost anything, but because you have grown so much more beautiful and sacred as a wife and mother than such a brute as I could hope for; and I am beginning to feel like the thief who stole the fire from heaven and was then chained to a rock for it. There was such a scoundrel in mythology, wasn't there?"

She wiped her eyes. "Take your cigar and go in the sitting-room, dear. You have frightened the baby. I will come there in a few moments."

He shut the sitting-room door and



THE BACK-YARD FLOWER-GARDEN OF THE CITY FLAT.

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walked up and down while he smoked. He was now in that mood when trifles make a new appeal to the sense. He looked at Lucy's plants in the little bay, and thought how she had watched and coaxed them along, and how they withered in the gas, in spite of her. There was the prickly pear that Colonel Wallace had brought her from Arizona, and she had watered it to death, killing it with too much kindness, so that it was now yellow and shrivelled. He stood a moment in front of the little picture that she had painted in the Berkshire Hills. It was very crude and raw, but he had put a ten-dollar frame on it, and was ready to kill any man who said it was not equal to a *Corot*. There was her neglected easel in the corner, with her old leghorn hat hanging on a peg of it, which gave a reckless artistic flourish to the room. She caught him looking at it when she came softly in and shut the door.

"Don't talk too loudly," she said, "or you will wake Harold."

"I've been thinking about our affairs for some days," he began, "and I get restless and discouraged at times."

"If anything has happened," she said, "you ought to tell me just what it is."

"Nothing has happened, I assure you —nothing is likely to happen. It is the leaden unlikeliness that weighs on me. Some of the unemployed faculties have not yet grown numb with the dead pressure of this life."

There was a coal-fire in the grate. She gave it one or two pokes as if to gain time and make up her mind how to meet this mood. Then she sat down in a low rocker, looking very receptive and passive in her plain but becoming wrapper, and gazed meditatively and expectantly into the fire. All she said was: "You would have felt better, John, if we had gone out to dinner. You need a change."

"I'm very glad I did not go," said John. "I'd rather talk to you than listen to Wesley and his wife the whole evening. I see the papers are beginning to advertise the Easter goods."

"Did you notice that? It's not like you."

"Oh, it reminded me of an Easter only two years ago. I noticed this morning while I was dressing that the sun had got round on the wall to your picture. I can tell when Easter's near, by that, without looking in the papers."

"But what makes you give it that melancholy turn? Something has happened, John, and you are beating about the bush."

"No—nothing happens, that's the curse of it—except——"

"What?"

"That I shall get to be a disappointed drudge and you a domestic slave, accommodating ourselves, without a kick, to the dull inevitable, with all the sunshine and song squeezed out of us. I think a man feels this as a premonition more keenly when Easter approaches. That's what I meant, my dear, by saying that a man ought to reach his goal before he takes a wife, for the more he loves her the more of a handicap she is. Don't you see that?"

"No. I don't see it at all."

"But you understand that he will not take any risk when he is married; would rather plod securely than conquer at his peril. I ought to have made a home fit for such a wife as I have before I married her."

Then she laughed one of her copious, mellow laughs. "I think you have got that wrong, John, upon my word I do. Homes do not produce wives or lead up to them. It's just the other way, it seems to me. The wives produce the homes. Young men, as I understand it, think just about as much of making a home before they get a wife, as they think about making a flying trip to the moon. Why, it would be just too ridiculous, John, to see a young man building a home and furnishing it, and then expecting a wife and baby to drop in because it's ready, as the wrens do. You know yourself you never would have had a home like this if you hadn't got married. How could you?"

"Do you call this a home?"

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"Well, I suppose I have entertained some such idea when you were in a good humor. What do you call it?"

"A stopping-place. Have you really let your mind settle down comfortably to this canal-boat?"

"I suppose I have. My mind is of that order which is said to be a continual feast. Perhaps by a liberal construction it may mean a mind given to the providing of continual feasts over a hot stove."

He passed this sly allusion over and went on with his own theme.

"It isn't the kind of home, Lucy, that my girl from Holyoke saw in her dreams and tried to paint, and that I ought to have made possible for her—a world of her own, of sunshine and freedom and flowers and abiding security."

"But, John, you couldn't possibly realize a world by yourself. You were only a hemisphere."

He stopped walking and looked at her inquiringly. The idea of his being a hemisphere had certainly never occurred to him before. To the spheroidal masculine mind, slightly flattened at the poles, it sounded like an epithet and a deprivation.

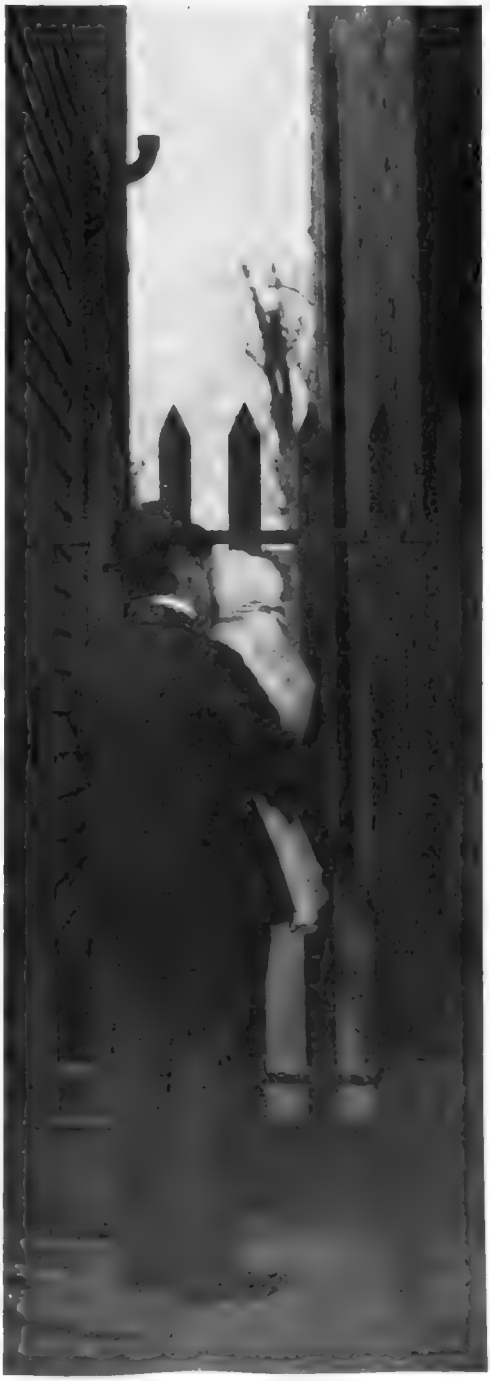
"No," he said. "I'm not a hemisphere. Hemispheres do not kick."

He pulled out a ready pad and pencil. He always did when the commercial instinct suggested a shield. "Look here, let's be practical," he said. "We have paid out twelve hundred dollars for this flat in two years. What have you got to show for it? If we live in this or some other equivalent canal-boat till that boy is twenty-one, somebody will walk off with"—he stopped to figure a moment—"with twelve thousand six hundred dollars of our money. Do I talk like a practical man?"

"I suppose you do, John" (very demurely), "but it seems to me, and you know I'm not at all practical, that it sounds very much like a discontented pendulum."

"Well, by thunder, a man ought to be discontented when he becomes a pendulum and swings up and down twice a day across this island, year after year."

"But he makes the works go, John—when there is a balance-wheel. Isn't that what they call it?"



THE PROSPECT, HE FELT SURE, WOULD BECOME INTOLERABLE IN TWENTY YEARS MORE.

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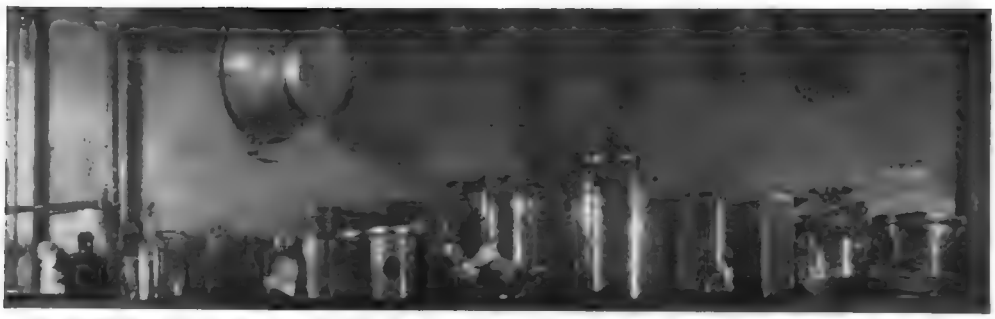

"CANNED LIFE—DOMESTICITY IN TINS."

"You see," said John, "how marriage takes the sand out of a man. If I was unmarried you couldn't hold my nose down to this. I'd make some brilliant mistakes, but I'd hit it in the long run."

"Yes, and you would blow it all in—isn't that the slang phrase?—on the next chance."

"I wonder if I would," said John, struck with a reflective shaft.

"Sure," said Lucy; "you were that reckless."

"And now I'm getting to be a mill-horse. A fine conservative old hack at thirty, with a dead-level prospect of tread-mill gentility, lined with landlords for the rest of my life. Say, sweetheart, does it comfort you to see all the fire and enthusiasm die out of your husband? Why, in five years more I will be like one of those travelling things on wires that carry the money back and forth in the department stores. All you will have to do will be to stand beside your family altar and take the change out. You will not even have to shout 'Cash!' which must be a great relief to the shop girls."

Then he suddenly went off at another tangent. "Don't imagine that I have any conceited opinion of myself. I'm just the average man—when I'm out of your sight. There are thousands of us in New York who make twenty-four hundred a year. But we never get anywhere, and every year our status is more precarious. We are not professional men who can break over their boundaries with genius and make an orbit of their own. We are not skilled artisans who command capital and are necessities of labor. We are quasi business-men, who have given up all risks and chances, to drudge servilely without hope. But we are genteel."

"Why do you say without hope?"

"Because the conditions of personal merit and fidelity to an employer have changed in our time. So long as our employers were individuals who trained and appreciated special fitness in their employees, and kept their eyes on fidelity, smartness, and honesty, we felt safe. It was to their interest to advance us. But all that is changing, passing into corporate irresponsibility and abstract boss-ship. Look at our friend Warner. He was with McCook & Haverley ten years. He knew every pulse of their business and managed his department like clockwork. He was a twenty-four-hundred-a-year man. But the firm joined a trust, gave over the personal supervision of their business to the new brand of overseers, and the first thing they did was to ship Warner, and put a fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year man in his place. The agent said that any man could learn to do in a month what Warner did, and if the first man failed there were hundreds of others to pick from. That agent looked Warner's stock of integrity squarely in the face and remarked: 'We propose to run things on business principles with no sentiment; reduce expenses and increase profits. We estimate your worth at a thousand a year.' Poor Warner. He had four children, and he had been genteel up to the full limit of his twenty-four hundred. The agent said

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that the corporation did not propose to leave the question of fidelity or fitness to the individual; they had a machine which insured it. Do you know what happened to Warner?"

"Why, he was your friend who was killed, wasn't he?"

"He committed what the reckless fellows in the Astor House rotunda call 'hurrycide.' I beg your pardon for bringing their heartlessness into our sanctuary, but Warner tried to jump for an electric car, and those fellows have a ghastly humor which attributes such an act to a man who has overdrawn his accounts, or has played the tape-line too rashly. But the fact is, Warner suffered a kind of moral paralytic stroke. He couldn't realize that ten years of scrupulous self-sacrificing attention to another man's business could end in that way. It bothered him, and it doesn't do for the average man to get bothered when on Broadway at the rush hour. If he takes his mind off the brink for a moment, he is gone. Poor Warner was probably thinking of his children, and the electric destroyer struck him on the left side."

"John," said Lucy, with just the slightest tone of appeal, "I never heard you talk in this despondent strain before. It is really quite pessimistic. Do the men in the Astor House rotunda indulge in such strains? I feel quite sure that something has been said to you that you have not told me."

John came and sat down beside her on a little cushioned bench and took her passive hand. "Pessimist, my dear, is the worst misfit for me that you can find in the language. I was born in a rosy atmosphere. I saw castles in the air when the rest of my companions were making mud-pies. The aureole and I understood each other without words. I heard voices when the rest of the family were asleep. Good angels came out of the ideal world and took me at my word; don't you know that, you fatuous, living corroboration of it? It is because I am such a bred-in-the-bone optimist, with such a compelling belief in the affluence and benignity of the ordained nature of things, that I squirm and growl and kick as I find myself year after year robbed of them and doomed to

"DO YOU CALL THIS A HOME?"

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travel up and down a dreary tramway, becoming a mechanical servitor like a dummy-engine, with less sunshine and less freedom every year. I call it a preposterous hand-to-mouth existence, and we are drifting into the fatal habits of Wesley and his wife, content to snatch a few superficial excitements as we go and call them joys."

His wife was very patient under all this, for a high-spirited little woman who suggested hair-triggers. She let him run on without contradiction, and John easily thought that he was bursting upon her with his views and a large masculine initiative. Had he been less of a man and more of a woman, he would have detected in the corner of her eye a naïve confession that she had preceded him on this same route with less elocution and a finer pensive reticence, and was coyly watching him lumbering up in the same direction. But it is not in the nature of a clever little woman to dash a man's spheroidal sense of the initiative by informing him that she is still "some furlongs on before," like his ideals. She only got up and went tip-toeing to the portière, and peeped through a second, very much as the mate of a vessel goes to his binnacle, and then, taking a look aloft, resumes his watch.

"John, what was it made all this occur to you to-night at the dinner-table?"

"I don't know. I suppose it was the pork tenderloin. I probably reasoned unconsciously that a woman who could convert pork tenderloin into woodcock, would be very apt to turn a log-cabin into a palace of the king, if she only had one of her own."

"My dear, do you think that you would be happier in a country home?" asked feminine directness.

"It isn't a question of my happiness. If you suppose that I am thinking only of my happiness, you do me great injustice. I am sure that you would be, and that's enough. It is no use our trying to disguise to each other that we are slowly falling into the careless life that Wesley and his wife lead. It is inevitable, sooner or later, in this environment, and I have an old patriarchal instinct in me—I don't know whether I inherited it from my Virginia mother, or my Massachusetts father, but those antagonistic old States reached their homes across to each other like hands, and I instinctively rebel against canned life."

"Against what?"

"Canned life. Domesticity in tins. Every joy embalmed and labelled and kept on a shelf. Duties in a row, always needing the same old opener and all having the same taste. Pickled surprises, condensed amusements, concentrated religion. The same half-pint of ready-made felicity if we go out, and the same quart of refreshment if Wesley and his wife come in. Modern conveniences on wires. Immortal souls in model prisons. Great Heavens, Lucy, think of it; blessed with such creative powers as yours, capable of—well, I will not say of making a pudding in a hat, for that's mumbo-jumbo, but of making a pork tenderloin into an astonisher. What could not your creative genius and magic fingers do if we might only jump off this shelf, and live somewhere in the bounty and sunshine of an uncanned life!"

"You were always a dreamer, John. Do you think it is quite safe for a married man to fool with these early visions? When one settles down, there must be some disappointments, I suppose—to men. We cannot be school-girls and wear leghorn hats and paint Marguerites after—well, not after something has happened. Wait till I see if he is awake."

When she reached the portière and her back was turned, she added: "I don't see how you can relapse into illusions when facts are so precious and practical."

"Oh, you're a woman, and can only see one concrete fact at a time. I'm a man, and I have to take in the whole future. You've only one fact in your eye. I've two."

"Two? Aren't you counting your chickens——"

"No. The baby is so large in your mind that you can't see yourself. I have you both before my eyes. I don't believe

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"I DON'T BELIEVE THAT THE YOUNGSTER WOULD HAVE JOINED THE TRUST . . . IF HE HAD KNOWN HE WAS TO BE PUT ON A SHELF IN THIS CANAL-BOAT."

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that the youngster would have joined the trust if he could have had anything to say about it, and knew beforehand that he was to be put on a shelf in this canal-boat, and become a pendulum like his father when he grew up."

Lucy laughed, and John began to scratch his head with his lead-pencil, as if to disentangle his metaphors. Then he jumped up, put his arm about his wife, and they walked up and down the narrow room a moment, while, lover-like, he dropped his voice and poured out his ultimatum to the little woman.

He had all of the average man's manliness. He was tall and muscular and full of vital energy. His hair was cut short and showed his symmetrical head to good advantage. He carried it rather defiantly for a commercial man and an employee. In Lucy's opinion he was handsome, for he had a clear, dark eye, like an agate, a spare face as of a trained man, and a very superlative mustache, so the best we can do is to accept her view of him.

"Look here, sweetheart," he said, "we've got our fight to make, and we are not making it to the best advantage. All the song has gone out of you and all the dream out of me. A man and woman of our build cannot toil buoyantly unless they see the toil growing apace like a picture, with present compensations of beauty and gladness. The reward must be in the doing as well as in the ending. A few years ago I had a knight-errant's bravado, sweetheart. I stood on my egotism, tip-toe, and dreamed things. Now, I feel that aggravated that I want to stand flat-footed and do things."

"And you wanted to do them for me, dear?"

"Well, yes, that's about it."

"And you felt at times that you couldn't because you were married?"

"I felt that I ought to have done them before I got married."

"But it's absurd to think of your doing them if you were not married."

"And impossible because I am. That's the confounded snarl of it."

"Why do you say impossible?"

"Because a wife is entitled to think that they ought to be done before she comes into the scheme. It strikes me as somehow rather mean to rush a girl into a mistake and then ask her to help you pull out."

"I should just like to know exactly what you think women were made for anyway, John Dennison, if not to help pull men out of difficulties."

"A man will do a great many things," said John reflectively, "that he will not ask a woman to do."

"For example," remarked Lucy, and as John was thinking pretty hard, she added: "What's the use in talking this way forever? Why don't you plump it out?"

"I've been figuring on our future," said John, looking at his pad.

"And it must have discouraged you," she remarked.

"Well, yes. But there is a way out. That's what I want to talk about. I've got it all down."

"Then you ought to look a little more cheerful."

"Our income," said John, "is twenty-four hundred a year, and, so far as I can see, it is likely to be that for some years to come. We are living quite up to it. Would you like to hear the figures?"

"I'll hear them, but I fancy they will be quite familiar."

"It costs us six hundred a year for rent."

"Yes."

"Nine hundred and sixty for food."

"Is that all?"

"A hundred and eighty for help—oh, well, there's the whole table," and he handed over the pad.

Lucy took it and read it over.

Rent	$600 00
Food	960 00
Help	180 00
Fuel	50 00
Gas	50 00
Carfare	40 00
Clothes	300 00
Lunch down-town	72 00
Amusements	150 00
Life Insurance	24 00
Total	$2,426 00

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His wife's eye twinkled a little. "Why, where do you suppose that twenty-six dollars came from?"

"Don't you know?"

"I can guess if you give me time."

"Of course you can. You took it off the edge of those other items. You cut down on food for a few weeks. I haven't mentioned church contributions, charity quarters, and extra cigars, because they all had to be chopped off that list somewhere. But what struck me was that we might cut down the whole line, make a clearing as the pioneers do, and let the sunshine in generally. But of course the pioneers were home-builders and men, you know. Would you mind looking at this other paper?" and he passed over a leaf that he had retained. It bore the same table, but it was accompanied by another, thus:

	ACTUAL.	POSSIBLE.
Rent	$600 00	$300 00
Food	960 00	500 00
Help	180 00	
Fuel	50 00	40 00
Gas	50 00	
Carfare	40 00	20 00
Clothes	300 00	50 00
Lunch	72 00	
Amusements	150 00	
Life Insurance	24 00	24 00
Total	$2,426 00	$934 00
Gain	1,492 00	
Gain (2 years)	2,984 00	

He was watching her nervously, and she took some time at it. Finally she dropped the pad in her lap and said: "John, we can't be genteel on that."

"I know it," said John, "but we can be happy, and we'll come out of the woods in two years, and build our own home. The only question is, can we give up being genteel for two years in order to be luxurious for the rest of our lives? It is really a woman-question, but I can hardly expect you to see it as I do."

Then she made a true woman's answer.

"As it is all for me, John, I will try and see it with your eyes."

And he acted just like a man whose speech fails him. He got up and kissed her.

Having come to an understanding, this young couple sat for two hours solemnly considering their future and the possibilities of escaping from the inevitableness of a genteel doom. John's proposition was to reduce everything to a minimum of expense for two years, and then, with the small capital, begin the task of building and beautifying their own country home. His wife had not calculated all the chances so patiently as had her husband, and she listened to him with deep interest and many secret misgivings. "Dear me," she said, "I wonder what Wesley and his wife will think of us."

Just then there came three imperative raps at the door, which gave way, and in came Wesley and his wife with the large vibration of exultant pleasure seekers.

"Halloo, old chap," came a chipper voice from his friend, as he threw off his cape-coat, and came out in full-dress with a sprig of heliotrope on his breast. "We saw your light in the windows, and says I, we'll climb and stir 'em up with a rarebit."

He was very bandboxy in appearance and effervescent in action, carrying nevertheless that easy debonair manner of one who is accustomed to living in a dress-coat. While he was speaking, his wife rushed at Lucy. "Why didn't you come to dinner with us? There was the biggest crowd I've seen yet, and all kinds of people. Do you smell the tobacco smoke in my hair? Forty cents, wasn't it, Wes? Six courses and wine."

"Anything new in it?" asked John, rather wearily.

"No. Same old thing, except the people. You should have seen them."

"But the theatre isn't out yet, is it?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, we didn't stay. I had my seat next to a Jewess, and she smelt and shone so that it made me sick. I detest the smell of musk. Where's the baby? We've got tickets for to-morrow to Wallack's—new piece. You can't get out of that. Wes has four seats. Show me the baby."

"Isn't your mother coming to-morrow night, Lucy?" asked John with an im-

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promptu mendacity that made his wife laugh.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I forgot that."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Kate, "you meet me at Purcell's on Saturday—we can get our lunch and go to a matinée. Have you worn that new boa yet? Come on—show me the baby." (Exit the two women in a breeze through the portières.)

"What's the matter, old man," said Wes, "are you below par? Dinner at home, eh? Well, it affects me that way sometimes."

"Oh, I had a little domestic figuring to do," said John.

"Well, I should think you got figuring enough down town. Have you got any beer in the house?"

"Sit down. Lucy will be back in a moment. Did you hear about Musgrave?"

"Yes—played the races, didn't he? How deep is *he* in?"

"I don't know. I only heard the rumor this afternoon. It will be in the papers in the morning, I suppose."

"They will do it, Jack. It's all in the way of life. I can roll a cigarette, of course? Ye gods, how his wife did splurge at the beginning of the winter. (Lowering his voice.) What are you going to do to-morrow night? We can take the women over to Wallack's, and then go round for a while to the burlesque. There's a stunning lot of handsome women in that show, they tell me. Try one of these cigarettes—new brand." (Enter women.) "Say, Kate, get that extra lace off now, and we'll stir up a rarebit. Jack's sluggish."

"Oh, but we haven't any cheese in the house," cried Lucy.

"We brought the cheese with us. What did you do with the cheese, Wes?"

"I left it on the hat rack. Excuse me. I'll fetch it. You've got beer, haven't you?"

"My dear," remarks Kate, who is trying to disentangle herself for business, "you're blue. I know how it is myself if I stay home one night. I have to take my Broadway regularly or I have neurasthenia. Have you had neurasthenia? It's the latest. Oh, I forgot, Luce, I've struck some five-button gloves dirt-cheap. You'll never believe it, sixty cents. I was looking at some ruching, and stumbled over them accidentally. This is a pair of them. Wes says it's a mine. I wear so many gloves that I bankrupt him. That reminds me, Miss Partington had on a red dress to-night and green gloves. Society play, too. She's the worst dresser on the stage. I can't see what the papers make such a fuss over her for."

"Perhaps it's because she can act," said John. "What was the play?"

"Why, it was— Well, there, I had it on the end of my tongue. What was the play, Wes? I've got a programme in my muff."

"'School for Scandal,'" says Wes, taking off his cuffs. "Old-timer, but we had the tickets, you know. Now, then, if you'll waltz out the chafing-dish, we'll grill you one of the nimble rarebits."

When this lively pair had gone Lucy said to her husband: "Don't growl, John, they are good-hearted people, and to-morrow night is ours," and the next night John made some more tables, and drew some sketch-plans of cottages which he marked "Castles in the Air No. 1 and No. 2," after Lucy had leaned over and tried her best to add bay-windows and Romeo balconies that made them look very lop-sided. The heroism of their project insensibly grew as they planned it, and the consequence was that somewhere about Easter they moved into a twenty-five-dollar flat on West Eighteenth Street, it being a great point with John to get farther down town, so that he could walk to his business in pleasant weather.

The actual experience of the change was a far greater test of their endurance and pluck than they had anticipated, and Lucy had several secret crying spells, but they did not efface her determination. The new conditions, distressing as they were in many particulars, threw her and John closer together than they had ever

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been before. They spent their evenings at home discussing and planning, and defying all the persecutions of their new environment with hope and mutual good humor. It is astonishing what a man and a woman will put up with when there is a promise of escape ahead of them. John gave up smoking cigars and took to a brier-wood pipe. He let his wife put up his lunch every day in a paper packet, and he ate it exultingly down in the packing-box department when the rest of his familiars had gone to the Astor House. He bought a student-lamp and turned off the gas, and to clinch matters wore his last-year's clothes. Whenever things were pretty hard to bear, Lucy would kiss the baby and take a look at the bank-book. John, often during that long fight, put his arms tenderly about her and said: "Courage, sweetheart. If it were not for you I would have given up the struggle at the end of the first month. You shall be the Lady of the Manor yet. Courage."

So it was that when Easter came about two years later, and that latest member of the group had crawled out of the cradle and was toddling about, beginning to talk to his father with two syllables, John came home one night, climbed the three pairs of stairs to his flat, for there was no elevator in the house, and sitting down to his dinner, tapped his breast significantly and said, "Eureka, sweetheart."

"Has the cold in your head settled on your lungs?" asked Lucy, who once more had pork tenderloins trussed like woodcock.

"Made the last deposit to-day. There you are," and he handed the bank-book across the table.

"Twenty-nine hundred dollars," said Lucy with a fine burst. "Why, it's beaten us at our own game."

"Yes, partnership capital. I earned it and you saved it. I take back what I said about marrying being a handicap. It's a revelation. Consider yourself smothered with congratulations, and get yourself ready for business."

"What must we do next?"

"Get up early to-morrow morning, it being Sunday, put on your warmest duds, and go down on Long Island with me to look at a place which is advertised in the *Herald*. Can't we leave the baby with the janitor?"

"Heavens and earth, I don't think you know what you are talking about, John. I'll send for mother."

(*To be continued.*)

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The Tip Talks:

A "Yawp" from the Boss of Our Land.

By W. J. Lampton.

I am the Tip,
The symbol of servility,
Come to this land
Where men were men
And masters were unthought,
From lands where masters
Tossed their coin,
As crumbs to dogs,
And vassals, cringing to the dust,
Caught up the largess of their lords
And took the pittance
As a sign of master's kindness
To his man.
To such a land
From lands as these I came
With hand out-stretched
To catch the pennies that might fall;
And now where am I at?
The tip is Boss
Of this broad land
Whose primal instrument
Made every man alike;
And I'm the Tip.
Go where you will,
I meet you everywhere;
Ask what you will,
And I come forth
To make your asking of avail.
Before I came,
Men, in the lowlier walks,
Were men not less,
And service, rendered in the field
Of their domain,
Was duty done
For which they had their fair reward;
And duty done
Made common level for all men.
But I have wrought a change;
By me is duty overthrown,
And I bring Labor down,
Uncapped before the world,
To hold its hand out,
Cringing to the dust,
To catch what those who give may drop.
I put the beggars' brand
On all who take me as their own,
And make a land of underlings
Of that which manhood claimed
And set apart
As one and only of its kind.
I am the Tip,
The dollar or the dime,
And back of me
The spirit of the old time stands,
Of lord and liege;
I am the plain confession of the weak
That they must have the strong
To bow before
And render service to;
I break the Declaration into bits
And make the Flag
A colored supplement to shame;
I am in all things
Un-American,
And yet I live and thrive and spread,
And kill the spirit of the land
That has adopted me.
My followers ask no thanks,
Revile them if you will,
But give them Me
And they will be content.
I make them draw the line
Between the servant and the served;
They set the flunkey seal
Upon themselves,
And lose their manhood for a tip.
That's Me;
See?

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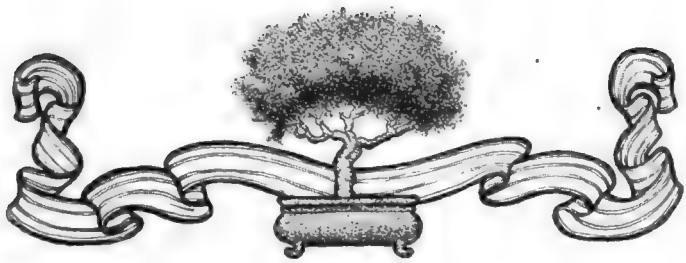

Tsurumi Tsuki:

A Japanese Love Story.

By Adachi Kinnosuké,

Author of "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek, with head and tail pieces by E. Benson Kennedy.

I

THE flood, so I am told, drove the beasts to the mountain heights; the festival *saké* often floods a fool and chases out an ass from the most modest corner of his heart to the surface.

A gourd-bottle of an idiot, on the festival of Gion, his feet dancing, his tongue twisted as diplomacy, crossed the path of Tsurumi Tsuki. He looked at her and she was annoyed with the penalty of the beautiful. All of which meant an opportunity for an exhibition of a virtue—a heroic virtue. Sasaki Yorito happened to be there, and that is another way of saying that he gave rather an emphatic expression of his *samurai* gallantry.

In a second, the insolence of the drunken beast fed on mud and the eyes of fair Tsuki on the handsome features of the young *samurai*.

It was very foolish of her to have asked him his name and address. Of course he did not, in fact (in accordance with the code of the *samurai*), could not, satisfy her. Thereupon, her imagination gave birth to a romance.

The twelve months that followed this were an unbroken night for her—for him. He did all he could to meet her again, poor fellow. He went out to see maple leaves at Kiyomizu and did not see the exquisite touches of the brush of the melancholy artist called Autumn; when Arashi-Yama wove clouds on the mountain-side, out of the petals of cherry blossoms, he went out to see that too, and did not see it at all; when the lanterns on the pleasure boats on the Kamo River pretended to be so many lightning-bugs in a summer twilight, he was there, both in the tea-houses, ashore, and also in the boats, afloat, but neither the idyl of the dream-pregnant gloaming on the historic river nor the refreshing cool of an evening was felt by him. At every place, however, people, in passing, looked back at him with much admiration, for they took him, judging from his hungry eyes, to be a pious young man thirsting for the revenge, who was looking for the murderer of his father—only, they thought it a little strange that his gazes should be confined to women alone.

This sudden and violent change in his habit scandalized the friends of Yorito.

"What! that book-worm—that recluse . . . in those gay places!" They all said—they did not understand.

He had often boasted of his arrogant skepticism of a certain kind of gods—

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TSURUMI TSUKI.

among them, the Musubi-no-Kami, the God of Ties. But now he prayed to him; made offerings to him; gave copper coins and rice into the ever-gaping, wide-mouthed box in front of his shrine; pulled the bell-rope; united his palms and in a whisper repeated something which was his wish, over and over again, as if the god had a very short memory. His piety, however, like all things young and earthly, very visibly becoming impatient; but the days and the nights did not seem to shorten out of sympathy for him by so much as a second.

One day, as usual, he wanted to inquire after the august health of his mother. She was not in her room.

"Where is the honorable mother?" asked he of a maid.

"The august lady is in the sewing-room with the needle-women."

He opened the *shoji* of the work-room. The women turned their eyes at him—just as the sun would move the yellow faces of the sunflower. He was looking for his mother. Just like a boy sent on an errand, his eyes took the most crooked and the longest possible round-about road, and stopped on the way—so like a boy—and stopping, forgot—just like a boy again—her whom he started to find. But the good heaven, seeing how impossible it is for a boy to act anything but a fool, graciously made a mother to help him out of trouble.

"Yorito, would you like to see me?" she said.

He stammered; he blushed; he tried to say a few words and could not say them; he twitched; he glared, gasped—one might have thought of him as an amateur actor with a divine promise of a third-rate tragedian.

His mother, a lady of gentle birth, too highly cultured to be much used to a melodrama, could not understand her son.

There was no light of understanding in the eyes of the needle-women except just one pair and that pair was most steadfastly glued to her work.

It was a happy thing that he left the room abruptly. Most of the girls were convinced that he was attacked by a sudden violent fit, and the rest of them believed him crazy, as indeed he was, although "there was no gainsaying his being handsome, my dears!"

II

From that day, his long night of twelve months began to fade into a gray swad-

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dling-clothes wherewith a Dawn is wrapped. His heart-beat ceased singing the everlasting chorus of "Impossible! impossible!" and he went forth like a man in a dream, speculating on who the girl might be. The spirit of investigation was upon him.

On one of the tours of discovery of his, on the corner of the streets whence he could see the cottage of Tsuki:

"She? That woman—that *musumé!* . . ." Then there came into the eyes of his informant, one of Tsuki's neighbors, a fire of enthusiasm which should have been burning on an altar—so full of the idolatrous ardor was it; and also a sigh escaped her.

"She? Why sir, of course the honorable presence knows all about her!" But he did not know; told the woman that had he known all about her, he would not be troubling a worthy woman like her. But still the woman insisted on the honorable omniscience of the young august *samurai*. "Every one knows about that *musumé*, honorable presence, poor child!"

It was not very difficult to tell the truth about Tsuki. She was a poor girl struggling with life—carrying an invalid mother on her back while she fought against starvation which one compares to a wolf and is really far worse. But that was very far from what her neighbor said—her neighbor who saw at a glance (for Yorito was one of the most confessed of novices) the naughty game which the gods were playing with his heart.

"Your honorable presence knows, sir . . . of course he does . . . that girl—such a noble girl!" There was the upward rolling of her eyes and her look was an invocation of the Powers above.

When he, tantalized, impatient, all afire, pressed her with a voice which had murder for one who would dare withhold anything about her from him, she said:

"Such a phenix of filial piety! . . ."

And at a more pressing stage of inquisition:

"May gods protect her . . . the lily in the mud!"

"There are so many bad men," she also added by way of a hint.

A young man finds an angel—let us suppose—in torment; he moreover finds that virtue personified is the very goddess-queen of his heart. The demons of so-

AN EXPRESSION OF HIS *SAMURAI* GALLANTRY.

cial conventions and poverty are literally tearing her jewel-flesh to tatters. And let us also suppose that it is within his power to save her. What would he not

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—could he not do under the circumstances?

Hang social conventions — trample, mud-sandled, upon pride and honor!

And so did Yorito. He would marry her spite of heaven, spite of men. But his mother, his father? He was going very fast, this young frenzy; but still in all his madness, he was a Japanese and this thought of his parents made him call a halt. In that halt which lasted for three days, he neither ate nor drank nor slept.

"What ails you, my son?" his mother asked him.

"Oh, nothing . . . nothing—pray do not condescend to hang such a trifling affair on your honorable heart," he answered and reassured her with a brave smile. But it is not in the nature of things that the pale and the everpaling face of a son should improve the spirit of his mother. And moreover there is one thing of which —if you are wise—you would not try to deceive a woman, a mother most of all.

Her son was in love—that was very certain. So certain indeed, that she did not trouble herself to ask him of it.

But who could it be—the goddess of his adulation?

Meanwhile in a corner of her sewing-room, a girl worked on. She was entirely too beautiful and delicate for a daughter of a *chonin*, Lady Sasaki always thought as she looked at her.

III

Behind the conjugal screens, a pair of lacquered pillow-boxes had heard many counsels of peace and war between Sasaki's father and his lady.

"Honorable husband, have you noted the behavior of our son, of late?"

"Well, rather. What could be the matter with him—what is your honorable opinion about it?"

"The humble one fears much that the root of his indisposition finds soil in the heart of a woman."

Then various plans of discovery and, after discovery, of settlement of affairs were discussed. Nothing after all, could make them so happy as to see the choice of Yorito's heart worthy of the family—and they were sure that it was impossible for their son to pine away his heart over an unworthy woman.

"I will see and have a talk with him to-morrow."

"But he may be too shy—let Yosaku ferret it out first," suggested the wisdom of the lady. And Yosaku was one of their family servants who had brought up Yorito from his babyhood.

IV

The very following day:

"Young master, how is your honorable feeling? Is it not tending toward the better—even by little?"

"Oh, is that you, Yosaku? Oh, nothing to speak of—nothing serious!"

"But the color of your honorable blood is evil. I have dared to ask your honorable physician—has the humble one done right? And he condescended to tell the humble one. 'Your master closes down the doors too tightly upon his honorable heart,' that is just what he said—to a word. Then I said to myself: 'Well then, I will cure the honorable master on the spot. For I know that the honorable young master would never close his heart from this humble Yosaku:' Your honorable presence may laugh, the humble one cannot say, but honorable young master, this humble Yosaku has already guessed a little. Well, well, after all, sir, being so honorably young, how could it be helped? This humble Yosaku has always done—has he not—your honorable will . . ."

"But what are you driving after, Yosaku? What nonsense!"

"Your honorable presence need not hide anything from this old Yosaku. The humble one's eyes are becoming dim, but still some things he can see better to-day than in his twentieth year. That is just so. Nothing to be ashamed of, honorable young master. If sometime or other,

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your honorable presence, of necessity, has to find a lady, heaven alone is to be blamed for it—not the fault of your honorable presence! but . . . (breaking into a merry under-laugh) it is a rather strange thing to say, but, honorable presence, even this humble one, when his blood was young—aaa . . . ah . . . there was a time when a waitress or two said this or that of his face! When the humble one thinks of it now, it is just like a dream, but ah, when one's young all is so different!"

Yosaku begged him to open his heart to him. He would arrange everything so that it would be in perfect and sweet accord with the will of Yorito, etc.

For a long time Yorito said: "Pshaw! . . ." "Ah—but!" "How ridiculous, Yosaku!" etc., but there is a limit to everything, and moreover the eloquence of the old servant raced ahead, paying but little attention to these trifling exclamations; and the most sincere, good will, and the vast history of Yosaku's faithfulness to his course from his boyhood overwhelmed the young man. It was not, indeed, unpleasant for any young man passing, as Yorito was, through the first crisis of the greatest passion of the human heart, to have a confidant.

In the end Yosaku shared the precious secret, and ended with:

"What, young master—that little maid—that sewing girl? By the statues of Buddha!"

And the gaping of his mouth.

Yorito did not take up his bed and walk, nor gave the slightest promise of doing so. Indications were quite to the contrary. His parents were on the mountain of needles. They never suspected that the faithful Yosaku counselled his young master to make his head heavier on the pillow. And they summoned the old servant and cross-examined him time and again.

"Can you find out anything?"

"Oh, sir, honorable master . . ."

"Did he tell you anything? . . ."

"Aaa . . . ah . . . indeed . . ."

"What did he say . . . ?"

"Aaaa—a, really . . . a sad case . . . most difficult . . ."

"Can you do anything for him? As you know, the physicians declare that it is simply the trouble with his nervous system—the drooping down of his spirits—can't we do anything?"

"Aaaaaaaaa . . . really! . . ."

"What may be the cause of it all? If we can only get at that the rest is not so hard . . . can't you . . . ?"

The parents told Yosaku that they were mortally certain that the general name of their son's trouble was love, but what they were so anxious about was to find the particular person of his heart. They pressed their old servant, one, two, three, five, ten times—more or less vigorously as the symptoms of their son were more threatening or less so. And at last!—when Yosaku was certain that the father, the stoic *samurai*—that sworded essence of pride and sensitiveness—would yield under the pressure of the question of life and death of his son—he came out with: ". . . the unfortunate girl . . . Through what karma, the humble one does not know, that she was thus thrown in the low gutter of birth, but she really is a goddess of filial piety who has lost her way, and who is persecuted by the order of things . . . The humble servant dared not presume to have the honorable audience of his august master on such an unfortunate affair but . . . the life and death of the young master . . . that was the whole point!" It was a matter of felicitation and worthy of thankoffering to the gods, he also took care to add, that if the young master's love was so unfortunate as to fall upon a lily in the mud, of the *chonin* class, it fell upon a flower which indeed was as pure as the white lotus in the holy pond of the Buddhas!

The final speech was delivered—at last!

It goes without saying that no physician has ever watched the outcome of his experiment which involved the life of his patient with an intenser attention than that of Yosaku.

"He is in love with a daughter of a *chonin*, did you say?"

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"Hai—as your honorable words!"

Silence.

Yosaku looked up timidly at his master's face. If death itself could turn into a lightning, he saw that on the face of the *samurai* father.

WHEN THE LANTERNS ON THE PLEASURE BOATS . . . PRETENDED TO BE SO MANY LIGHTNING-BUGS, . . . HE WAS THERE.

"And for his love for that *chonin musumé*, he is nigh starting out on the journey of death?"

"Honorable master, so it is! Yes, the honorable young master's life . . .!"

"Let him die, then!" said the father, quietly—there is a quietude that is awful, sinister.

V

"Is it true, Yorito?" his mother questioned him. In her voice there was heard the deterioration of something firmer than a Pyramid—a mother's confidence in her son.

"Yes, august mother, madam—even as your honorable words."

"But—who is she—this daughter of a *chonin?* Tell it all, will you not, to your humble mother? A demon, a siren, that she should bind, enslave, hypnotize and delude you to this extreme extent! The degradation of yourself—this flinging shame at the stainless name of your sainted ancestor; this smearing the escutcheon of the proud *samurai* family; this dragging your father and your humble mother into a grave of shame and grief! You cannot be unaware of all these, I am sure. And for what, pray?—to catch an ever-illusive glamour of a butterfly beauty! She may be very charming indeed, my son; and of course it is very natural for you to admire the beautiful—but—but—is there really no charm, no beauty among the maidens of fairer names and prouder houses? Look at your mother—I pray you—my hands are clasped as you see. This is the way I pray to the Buddhas and now in the same manner I pray to you. Try first among the ladies of the *samurai* rank, and if . . . But who can she be—how came you to know her?"

"The humble one met her on the festal day of Gion, a year ago, august mother, and . . . but . . ."

"And never could forget her! Her power must exceed that of a mere woman. For this stranger on the street, an acquaintance of a single glance, seems to be strong enough to make you forget the honor of

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your ancient house, your parents who have never left you since the day of your birth and above all the self-respect of a *samurai*. Ah! my beloved, have you really stopped and thought with your hand on the hilt of your sword, what a stain you are going to give to the soul of a *samurai?*"

Silence—the son and the Spring day respected it.

She rose, left his bedside, opened the *shoji* and went out on the veranda; she was afraid of exciting her son too much. Standing there, she saw in front of her, across a rockery, her sewing-room. Its *shojis* were slightly ajar, so she could see the girls working. She turned her steps to it. At her approach, all the girls smiled and bowed their welcome deliciously—all but one. Of course the mother never suspected that her conversation with her son was gathered by any eager ear in the sewing-room.

VI

There was a turn in the illness of Yorito for the better; and in the house of Sasaki, laughters preened their wings again.

At night—behind a conjugal screen, with a sage owl for an eavesdropper:

"Yes, madam, I meant every word I said. The death of my only son rather than the death of the honor of our ancient family! A hard lesson for him, yes, poor fellow! but he is recovering."

"I have always thought," added his lady, "that Yorito is too sensible to be blind for long. Just an illusion of a moment!"

VII

It was not ashamed of itself, that cottage on Nishikino Koji, and it was as clean as honest poverty. A pith-wick seed-oil lantern was satirizing the moon on the ceiling, and O-Tsuki sat there watching the angle of her knees—softly sobbing and because she was sure that no eye was looking at her, she did not trouble herself to wipe off the traces of tears. In the adjoining room, beyond a thin paper screen, was her invalid mother. She was becoming weaker and that made Tsuki's eyes weak also. As she had to watch

O-TSUKI SAT THERE WATCHING THE ANGLE OF HER KNEES.

constantly by her mother's bed, she no longer went to the Sasaki family. All she could sell, she had sold. To see her mother waste away before her eyes, and

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good heavens!—she could not even buy her a few little dainties and delicacies which still tempted her palate; no, she could not buy medicine even. As for the luxury of a doctor, the very idea was like a cruel mockery.

YORITO'S MOTHER.

When daylight came, it only lighted the sad details of her dreams and the sadder angles of her real struggle; and when the night fell, it gave a still more sombre robe to a dark phantom which—whichever way she may turn her face—she could not help but see.

The sun had dragged—and how slowly!—the shadow of the cave from one side of the cottage to the other; the evening chimes from belfries had sounded a little while ago, but Tsuki had not lighted her pith-wick lantern. She had not eaten her breakfast of that day as yet.

Long before this time, her neighbors tried to do all they could for her. But they knew how proud she was—how very exceedingly sensitive. And so they dared not go too boldly. That day, seeing no smoke rise from Tsuki's cottage sky-window, they were uneasy. They came and inquired most delicately, most timidly:

"How is the health of your august mother this day? Is her honorable mood improving?"

"Thank you very kindly," she would make answer, "as you honorably know, as usual—no change in her that the humble one could point out this or that."

So the kindly neighbors bowed and noiselessly went away.

And Tsuki sat alone—in perfect silence.

Tears came—then a sob—and then a sad, sad thought. And after that she trembled like a tree left alone on a late-autumnal height.

There was a secret which she kept from her neighbors. And that—the cause of all her extreme anguish—was that that morning she had called her mother very softly, and, receiving no answer, bent her ear closely down to her mother's lips and found that no breath was there.

Dead!

She understood to her complete and absolute satisfaction that the world was trying to fight her to the bitter end. Now she was alone—really, truly alone. And if it be brave to live against all odds, there is such a thing as that the brave get tired sometimes. If she could ride a sun-beam and attend her mother on her journey to the Veranda of the Holy Lotus, it simply

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would be a sin for her to tarry long in this world.

As for her dream-spinning about the halo-bright brow of a handsome young *samurai*—her savior once on the festal day of Gion—and whom later, by the goodness of the Buddhas, she was able to meet again in the mansion of Sasaki—that was as far from her as a vision of a fairy. And she chided herself for allowing such a butterfly of a thought to wander through such a winter storm, gloomy, cold, and forbidding as her emotions were at the time. Nevertheless something within her insisted to dwell upon the young man's image; and she had to give in, for she was too weak for any struggle.

That night passed and in the afternoon of the following day Tsuki woke from a trance-like sleep. She was in her cold cottage; but she was in bed. She had no recollection of ever having retired the night before. By her bedside a woman was looking at her with a faint smile. She was her neighbor.

"How is your honorable feeling?" the woman asked of Tsuki.

She could not answer; surprise tied her tongue. She sat up in the bed and looked about. That was the room where her mother had gone to sleep, and so sleeping, to the Buddhas. She was sure that she had left the dead there, but it was very certain that there was no shadow of her mother's remains. All was so strange, so magic-like.

"We found you this morning half dead—yes, believe me, half dead. We have buried your mother," her neighbor enlightened her.

"By the bye," she added, "there was a man here, asking after you, too."

"A man?"

"Yes, a rather elderly-looking man—must be an honorable servant of an honorable *samurai*. Yes, I told him all I knew about you, your mother's death, etc., etc."

"Eh?"

VIII

Strange things—like ill-luck—do not come alone.

The sky was clouded that night; you could not find the moon beyond the cloud either. One by one, like so many naughty, crying babies, every sound of men and

HE TOOK HER HAND BETWEEN BOTH OF HIS.

things hushed except the throbs of the big heart of the city. It was not much before midnight. There were rhythmic cries of *Kago* (palanquin) bearers and the thuds of

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their feet. The sound came nearer and nearer the ears of Tsuki, who could not sleep, and therefore was watching in the fainting light of the lantern her neighbor who kindly came to watch over her.

When the *Kago* stopped in front of her house, she gave a start. She was not surprised—for to tell the truth, she was expecting him—but still it was a shock of surprise that jerked her violently from off her *futon*.

"*Gomenna sai, gomenna sai!*" of the men asking for admission was heard. It woke the good neighbor of Tsuki who, rubbing her eyes, could not for the life of her tell where she was. When she saw the pale face of Tsuki, however, all came to her.

"*Gommena sai!*" was heard again.

"A doctor!" she thought in her sleepy head, and rose and went to the door.

Yorito was in a violent fever of haste; he of course could not and would not, if he could, explain the reason of his presence there to the woman. She saw that the young man was a *samurai*. That fact was alone enough to insure her that all was for the best—she had nothing to fear from a man of honor.

At the door, Yosaku kept the woman with a few questions which took a great deal of time to answer.

When Tsuki saw Yorito, she closed her eyes gently—one might have thought that she was praying to Death to let her depart in peace now that her eyes beheld once again the face which was the sun to her heart which was a flower.

Kneeling by her bedside:

"Tsuki—O-Tsuki!" that was all he could say; all he could sob out.

He took her hand between both of his. How pale it was! so chilly too, and like a captured bird, mortally afraid, it trembled in his warm grasp. That was really too much for him. Some demon was making a treadmill out of his heart.

He looked at her, having in his eyes flood and fire at the same time. But the blue curtain of her eyelids did not rise; only her lips quivered.

A man in the intensity of love's frenzy as strong as that of Yorito's would have taken the girl bodily in his arms, but the native delicacy of his heart, the training of his *samurai* culture, made that expression of his ardor impossible in him.

"Tsuki, Tsuki!" he called her again. Only he who was at once a lover and a husband could call a woman in that tone of voice.

She understood it at once. She opened her eyes, withdrew her hand, and said:

"Oh, no, sir! Oh, no!"

"Why, Tsuki, why?" His voice was the echo of the breaking of his heart. A stone would have been touched by it; not the heart of a woman, however. Yet a tenderer heart than hers there never was.

She waved her hand, closed her eyes, and said:

"I heard you and your mother talking one day. Disgrace you! Never, never, never! If I must die ten times over for it, I can never do that!"

Yorito turned into a pale stone—more than that, it was frozen, that stone statue. And all this simply because a little thing had actually happened—the thing which he was sure would happen!

However, the spirit of his forefathers who had stormed a moat-deep castle was not exactly dead within him. Moreover, a force mysterious, and which is older than the century-old Nihonese code of etiquette, completely possessed him.

"Tsuki . . ." he said suddenly after a stony pause. It was not exactly a whisper and too low for a shriek and altogether very strange. Neither he nor Tsuki had time or strength to wonder at the strange voice.

"Tsuki," he repeated in the same strange tone; he advanced upon his knees a step or two. Without lifting her drooping head, without looking at him, she waved him back. It was a prayer, that gesture of her slender arm, which begged him to go away, to have a little pity upon her, since she loved him so absolutely, not to be too cruel to her since she had a trifle more weight upon her sore heart than she could bear with grace.

He seized the arm—firmly.

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"Listen, Tsuki!" Then silence tightened its chains around the throat of Yorito. The arm he held trembled feebly. "I see you are desperate—desperate. Well, so am I. Listen, then, if it could not be in this world, then let us hasten to the Veranda of the Lotus. We are equal before the Lotus throne of the Buddha!"

At the mention of the Blessed Veranda of the Lotus, she threw up the fire of her eyes at Yorito. "You cannot mean that you would leave this world?"

"And why should I stay in it longer? Remember what you have just said to me!" He smiled lonesomely; he loosened his tight hold upon her a little—so tight that it almost hurt her. She kept on staring . . . staring.

"Oh!" she sobbed at last. And the sob seemed to have heaved up her soul, her bleeding heart straight up to her lips. "Buddha! Bosatsu! how could I . . . how could I murder him?"

As if Yorito had heard, just then, the fitting word spoken by the gods, with frantic impatience he gathered her into his arms.

Like a dream, just like a plum-bud which had known a long and cold weight of snow, and which was taken in a great surprise by the smile of Spring, Tsuki melted in his arms.

"Oh! Yorito-san . . . but oh, how could . . . how could I . . ."

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AT THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

A MEDAL OF HONOR STORY.

By Carl Hovey.

On the afternoon of May 11, 1864, the advance force of the Union army, moving through the Wilderness toward Richmond, was lying on muddy ground a short distance north of Spottsylvania Court House. Rain drenched the soldiers, and at dark a cold wind set to blowing in among the black trunks of the scattering trees. It lifted the heavy folds of the canvas shelters which the men had dejectedly spread and crawled under, and drove them out one by one. The soldiers coaxed the uncertain camp-fires. Sometimes a nest of rubbishy twigs would toss up a tiny flame which could be induced to take notice of the wet, naked branches that were arranged temptingly about it. In this case there was a living blaze, and dozens of soldiers deserted their own private mounds of steaming ruin and delightedly crowded round. For the most part, however, this camp on the eve of battle was wholly miserable in appearance; it reeked with discomfort, which the army endured with mingled sulkiness and good humor. At about nine o'clock in the evening orders came to pick up and move.

The regiments were expected to march with absolute stillness. The rank and file knew that the real advance was beginning, which would end in an attack on some point, supposed to be vulnerable, of the enemy's line of works, and this knowledge cheered them by lending importance to their movements. That slight numbness of the heart which is the first effect of an impending struggle toughened them against the dreariness of their labor. The steady progress through the rainy darkness continued still like a river. The men trudged along without thought or conversation. As it was now the seventh day of fighting in the Wilderness, many were so worn out that they fell asleep as they walked, and dropped their muskets from their shoulders with a little rasping thud. The only other sounds were distant ones —the muffled rattle and bump from the artillery brigade, and the noise of axe blows where Lee's soldiers were chopping timber to clog the approaches to their barricades.

Once during the night a stampede occurred in the ranks of the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment of the Second Army Corps. A soldier of the pioneers accidentally discharged his musket. This frightened the horses of some staff officers of General Birney's, and set up an alarm

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which sent a dozen mounted men charging back into the regiment. There was a bewildered rush out of the column to clear the way for the galloping horses, but almost immediately the thing was understood. The men mechanically re-formed, and when the staff officers, returning to the front of the division with a swift tread of horses' hoofs and rattle of bridle-chains, rode past them the privates pleased themselves by making certain remarks in a low tone of voice. Sergeant John H. Fasnacht—it is the story of his part in the events led up to by the night march which is being told—was in Company A of the Ninety-ninth. It was not until between one and two o'clock in the morning, he remembers, that the order was given to halt and to "right by file" into the line-of-battle, after which every man knew that he was privileged to sleep on his arms until dawn.

Sergeant Fasnacht was awakened by a dig in the ribs from an officer's sword. It was still raining; mist drifted through the woods in great clouds; and in the half daylight the army was getting in motion. Soldiers asked stupidly, as they straightened out their positions:

"What does this mean?"

They knew well enough what it meant. The others answered vaguely, as if to manifest only a speculative interest in the outcome:

"Dunno. Where are we going?"

The enemy's works were supposed to be less than a mile in their front. The men plunged into a heavy swamp, which must be passed, overgrown with briary entanglements and vexatious trees. A little way on the ground was covered with dense marsh-grass, tall, thick bladed; and musket balls sped through the blades with prolonged moaning. Fasnacht was behind his company as file-closer. He had no individual plans at this moment, but shared the general forward-going impulse that carried the whole army rapidly on through the misty, impenetrable wood toward the place from which the bullets came. The sounds of firing grew louder. Here and there a soldier fell suddenly, as if hit from behind by a club. The others paid no attention to these incidents. They marched doggedly on, and their persistence brought them at last into the open clearing with the defences of the enemy in full view—a dark line extending to right and left under the fog, which was blackened just here by the sluggish smoke of camp-fires.

Somebody shouted out a cheer. It was against orders to make any noise, but others unrestrainedly took up the cry, and, as if this were the signal, began to run for the works. At the same instant there was a commotion over there also: riflemen showed their heads, and doubled their fire; a Confederate flag was flung up high above all. The sight of this flag in an instant made another man of Sergeant Fasnacht. He became a partisan leader who has desperate schemes beyond the ordinary purposes of a movement. The earthworks looked formidable enough even before they had been tested. To take them was, perhaps, impossible; yet this was already an accomplished fact in the sergeant's mind. He had borne his share in their capture, and now, in his mind's eye, he saw himself engaged alone in an enterprise more dangerous yet. The bearer of those colors was his prisoner; he had captured the rebel flag. This idea flashed upon the sergeant all in one confused moment, and then took shape in a definite determination. But as he ran round the right of his company and sprang ahead of the men, he appeared only one among a mad group who were rushing straight at an invincible earth-wall which had promised their destruction.

The wall doled out destruction to the lines of soldiers, one by one. The charge resolved itself into a problem of distance *versus* volley firing, complicated by the consideration of those who fell. As the ranks were thinned, so the bullets did more terrible execution among the survivors.

Then came an entirely new aspect of the charge. The attacking force had reached a barricade of felled trees, lying with limbs outward toward the Union sol-

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diers. Behind this was a ditch filled with water, and from the opposite side of the ditch rose the earthworks, with the men in dirty gray discharging their bayoneted muskets in rain and smoke—and the flag waving over all. The few men that were ahead were caught fast in the first entanglement; but as they faltered, struggling, the mass of the line crashed heavily against their backs and pushed them through into the ditch. Now details of war went out from sight, lost in the blind fighting on the part of masses of men. Fasnacht had felt himself hurled forward into the ditch. Vividly he saw for a brief second bayonets being eagerly thrust out to pierce his chest. He felt, rather than believed, that these would not touch him; struck down the soldier directly in front of him with the butt of his musket, and found himself standing on top of the earth-mound. The flag was only a few feet away. He rushed at the color-bearer, a tall man who was holding the flag high; with outstretched arm he yelled to him to surrender.

A section of the fighting came between them. The man with the colors and the soldiers about him dropped inside the defences and ran off toward some woods. Before Fasnacht could follow the smoke and fog had hidden them. The ground on both sides of the works was choked with troops. Fasnacht's regiment, entangled with the enemy in among some shelter-tents of blankets and canvas, was tearing a way through by the use of bayonet and butt toward a battery which had opened fire at short range. The sergeant, intent upon his business of the day, avoided the bloody confusion here and set off alone toward the woods. He reasoned that as there was an open gap on the right of the Union battle-line, the color-bearer would try to escape on that side. He took a course through the empty woods which would head off the party with the flag.

Although he could see nothing but the glistening trunks of trees, he felt sure that the flag would not escape him, and so continued for perhaps a hundred and fifty yards at a stumbling run, impatiently pushing aside briary shrubs, breathlessly going on. Then appeared in front of him, through an arch of the trees, the color-bearer carrying his flag. Five or six men, his color-guard, were just behind him. Fasnacht threw his musket to his shoulder, pressing his finger against the trigger. The gun was not loaded. The other saw him.

"Surrender!" panted Sergeant Fasnacht.

The tall man said: "Don't shoot. I surrender." The men with him made no motion to fire. Doubtless their guns were not loaded. The tall man reached out the flag on its stick, which the sergeant, still keeping his formidable musket cocked, let fall at his feet. He told the men of the color-guard to drop their arms, and they did so.

"Get to the rear," continued he in a cool fashion; and as soon as the Confederates had passed round him and disappeared, he turned his attention to the captured prize. It was old with service, inscribed with the names of battles and the title of the regiment, *Second Louisiana Tigers*. The sergeant grinned in his good humor. He was delighted with himself at that moment. Standing on the staff he ripped the flag off and stuffed it away under his loose blouse.

"You had better let me have that," somebody said behind him. Turning with a jerk he saw the colonel of his regiment some distance away, and, farther off, some of his comrades coming through the woods. He stared at the mounted officer with a serious, gloomy face, and, as if the movement were mechanical, continued to crowd the flag into his bosom.

"Keep it," said the colonel, with a laugh.

The Northern regiments were crowding through the woods and charging across the open space in the direction of a second line of works. Fasnacht went along with them, and in five minutes fell, wounded in the knee by a musket-ball. The rest of that day he was destined not to do, but to be done with. The battle-flag, however, of the Louisiana Tigers was in his

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"SURRENDER!" PANTED SERGEANT FASNACHT.

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army blouse. This went far to sustain him as the men with stretchers picked him up and began to carry him to the rear.

They had not gone above half a mile when a provost guard met them and said that orders were for the carriers to leave the wounded together on the ground, and return to their regiments. Fasnacht was accordingly set down like a bundle in a place where hundreds of the wounded had been gathered. As it happened, the enemy's artillery had the range, and the sergeant shared in an ordeal of exploding shell before which the most dare-devil of them all was, of necessity, quite cold. This was not funny, but the men who joke found material for wit in their own frantic fear. After a time the stretcher-bearers came again. They carried Fasnacht to an ambulance, in which he was driven to a little grove in the rear, by a stream of water and a cornfield on a rising hill. There, with some of the others, all left-overs from an overcrowded hospital, he slept the night of May 12th. In the morning, early, a squad of Confederate cavalry rode up and made them prisoners.

"We're goin' to wait for the ambulances your people'll send over for yer, so we'll have something to ride you Yanks in style to Richmond," said a communicative man. He teased the prisoners while he told them bad news, and swiftly sounded them for hidden treasure. Fasnacht, however, groaned so loudly that the Confederate good-naturedly left him alone. The flag was still wadded in his blouse, a sopping poultice for a wounded man.

The sergeant forgot to dream about Libby Prison or Belle Isle as the morning passed. He wanted to look at his flag. There was nothing he wanted so much—not even freedom from pain or the certainty of prison—as to spread the discolored beauty of the thing before him. At last there came an opportunity when the prisoners were deserted; only there were six of the enemy lying wounded among themselves, and from these the operation must be shrewdly hidden. Fasnacht pulled off his blouse. The hospital steward helped him, keeping his back between the wounded Confederates and the sight. He spread the flag over his legs and pulled an army blanket over it. The hospital steward set to work opening the lining of the blouse, which was packed with cotton. He worked out all the cotton, and, after a time, the two folded up the flag compactly and sewed it inside the lining.

Days passed, during which the sergeant listened to the dull conversations of the wounded, which gradually came to sound like the chatter of a single voice endlessly repeating the same thing. The booming of cannon was often heard, but always faintly, as if from a great distance. Just before sunset, however, after one of these days of captivity and waiting, a soldier suddenly sat up and shouted.

"Look up there on the hill," he called out.

On the hill beyond the cornfield a piece of artillery was unlimbering. Infantry in blue uniforms were marching over the brow of the hill.

Here ended the succession of incidents in the military career of Sergeant John H. Fasnacht (later a lieutenant of United States Volunteers), during which he had won the Congressional Medal of Honor. Recaptured by this detachment of Federal troops, which had been sent to the relief of the wounded prisoners, he was sent on to Washington, where, on the wall beside his cot in the army hospital, the flag of the Tigers was hung. It was then, in conversation with his visitors about the capture of the flag, that the sergeant learned that the point of the works where his exploit had been performed was already renowned as the "Bloody Angle" of Spottsylvania.

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The Valiant Little Fat Man.

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

Illustrated by William F. Halsey.

HE was one of the *monos* about the famous bull-ring of Seville, and his name to everybody was Pancho. Though he had a record of a quarter-century of faithful, though indifferent service, no one knew his other name—indeed, it was doubtful if he had remembered it himself. A *mono* is, literally, a monkey; but in bull-ring nomenclature it is a man with a scarlet cap, usually dark-skinned, and always excitably industrious, who lashes the horses of the *picadores* to within the bull's range, who drives the mules that drag out dead horses and bulls, and who scoops up blood-soaked dust where the ground is slippery. Pancho had come to Seville a peasant boy, and in boyish hopes he had dreamed of being a *toreador*. But the bulls were always terribly fierce, and Pancho grew most wisely timorous. Opportunity, as happens sadly and often, took a long time in getting around to the boy, so that his shaggy hair was like matted wool and his muscles unwieldy under folds of flesh before he advanced beyond the poor *mono's* scoop-shovel. By then the boy's ambition was shrivelled long since, and that which spurred him on was an incentive quite different. This is how it came about.

One day there charged about the arena a bull possessed of a marvellous store of vitality. The *matador* was a novice and unknown, whose recklessness at once won him attention. Three times he drove his sword to the hilt between the bull's shoulders, and yet the brute gripped to life. Blood spurted in crimson pulse-beats from his mouth, and he sank to the earth over weakening knees, yet his eyes glowed sullenly upon his enemies standing about. From the *presidente's* bugle came the signal to finish with the knife, but, seeming to understand the blast, the bull roused himself and staggered heavily to his forefeet. The spectators at that were delighted, and insisted vociferously that the game brute be given another chance—the chance, that is, of rushing again upon the *matador's* sword. Pancho stood near with his short, arrow-headed knife in hand. He had heard the signal to kill, but midst the uproar he did not notice that the signal had been repealed. At any rate, before one might prevent, he had stepped close to the dying animal, raised his knife,

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and struck home into the spinal cord just behind the horns. The bull floundered prone, kicked into the dust, and stiffened.

A wretched *mono* had balked an angry people. Their caprice veered as the wind of a storm, and swirled about the quaking man. He must be instructed in the affairs of a Spanish holiday. From all sides furious men and boys leaped the barriers into the arena, darted upon the *mono*, bore him beneath their feet, and rained blows upon his chubby body. They would not have stopped at the going out of the old man's life. Among them were those whose forefathers had turned thumbs down at fights of gladiators. And just then a gladiator swept among them. He was the young *matador*—the modern beast-fighter—and before him he perceived an appropriate quarry. He began systematically at the edge of the howling pack, and with a lion's will worked his way to the centre. Clutched in either hand he brought out struggling forms by the neck, threw them back of him, and plunged in for more. His arms played upon that sputtering mob like hungry saws. He gained the *mono*, and over his body he stood a moment, poised in the cleared space with nostrils distended, inviting a continuance. The men and boys strewn about him scrambled to their feet and limped away. Others not in the mess congratulated themselves. The people forgot their indignation, and gleefully jeered the returning heroes.

The beast-fighter lifted the *mono* with a nurse's tenderness, and made Seville wait until a surgeon came. The populace had extended their favor as critics to this young *matador*, because he was a good *matador*, though his daring did not warrant a long career; they had enjoyed his industry in a free fight; but now, when he, a *torero*, performed an act of humanity, they wanted to know who he was.

The question was put to each man's neighbor, but no man's neighbor knew. They then remarked the refinement of the young man's features and the disdain in his manner. Curiosity grew apace. He could not be a product of the coarse *torero* ranks. Undoubtedly he was some grandee, in a desperate stress, and so the populace knighted him in imagination, and called him "El Caballero."

That evening Juan Nuñez—such was his name on the bills—sat alone in his room at the Seville inn, and mused before the flickering of a hearth fire. In his own eyes the fire of the afternoon had died away with the passing of excitement, and there remained of that blaze no longer a smouldering. His present indolent pose suggested nothing of daring. His features were more than ever the patrician's, and upon them showed the instinctive love of high ideals. He was certainly not at that moment the mountebank of blood—a bull-fighter.

"The poor devil!" he muttered to himself. A bitter smile curled his lips at his next thought. "That mob, I owe it much," he went on. "I forgot for a time this exalting craft of mine. Hurling the rascals about for that comical old man—ha, that was a moment of life!—that was better than—than——"

He threw himself back in his chair with a sigh.

"God!" the cry was wrenched from him. "Why is there not a war? How much more proper to fall by steel!"

He turned in his chair, his hand to his head as though

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already wounded, when quickly the old fire leaped back into his eyes. Before him on the table there lay against a small wire easel the picture of a girl. Soft black eyes drooped in a subtle invitation under long, languorous lashes. The man seemed to feel that glance from the cardboard as an insidious fascination, and he repelled it fiercely. He was on his feet and had the picture clutched in his fist. "All that was is dead," he growled savagely. He tore the picture to bits and flung them into the fire. Yet he watched the destruction regretfully, and before the blaze had died down his head was buried in his hands.

A tapping at the door brought him back to Seville, and to himself, the *toreador*. He shrugged his shoulders, and rose to open the door. Pancho, the *mono*, his sombrero clasped in both hands before him, limped timidly into the room. The olive of his round face was sleek from the beaming of gratitude. The young Spaniard tried to check the flood of blessings engulfing him, but nothing short of exhaustion could stop the old man. When finally he did pause, out of breath, Nuñez inquired about his injuries.

PANCHO LIMPED TIMIDLY INTO THE ROOM.

"Oh, they are nothing. See, Señor, I can walk, and yet, but for you, I would have had no need to walk again."

"No more of that, I say," the *matador* commanded. "And now, as you can walk, you can also endure the poor solace of cognac. Come."

Pancho, though nearly fifty, was a peasant boy still, and he stammered at a señor's courtesy. The *toreador* smiled grimly. "All foolishness," he cried bitterly. "Are we not in the—the same trade?" Then brightening, with an effort he poured out the brandy, filling and emptying his own glass mechanically two, three, many times.

Pancho humbly drank off the *copita*, said nothing, and yet seemed loath to go. He fidgeted painfully, and when at last he moved to the door he lingered there. When perforce he must have left, he marshalled a semblance of resolution, and in a faltering voice said:

"You may not pardon me, Señor, but I cannot go without speaking. I have killed bulls—oh, only the dying ones, of course—I have worked so for many years, how many I forget, and I have seen many *matadores*, yet none took such risks as you, Señor."

Nuñez thought he detected a compliment. In a tone anything but encouraging, he said, "Well?"

"And yet, Señor, some were older than you, and more experienced and skilful, and all were more cautious."

"Oh!"

"And"—the *mono* hesitated—"and, I have seen some of them—killed."

The *matador's* eyes brightened.

"How did they die?" he demanded quickly.

"How? They had not the time to pick their manner of dying, and very soon afterwards they were forgotten."

"Assuredly, forgotten," the *matador* repeated dreamily.

"But, Señor," Pancho insisted, "I did not come to talk of them, but of you, your great foolish risks—there, I have said it. We in the pens take notice, and, Señor, your time may fall——"

"Soon, you think?" the *matador* interrupted. Then recalling himself, "Ay, and what of that?"

"Oh, it is of that I speak," answered the *mono* eagerly. "Grant, Señor, that an old man make you some return, and follow his counsel. Truly, the dangers you seem to like are not required, to be a famous *toreador*."

Nuñez laughed at the man's anxiety, but he did not laugh heartily. Pancho was grievously disappointed, and at the door he twirled the sombrero, and looking up sheepishly he spoke again.

"Señor," he said, "I have a request."

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"Well?"

"It is a bold one." He was indeed frightened at his presumption. "It is —I want to enter the *cuadrilla*, your *cuadrilla*."

Nuñez stared at the squatty figure before him, then gave way to laughter.

"*Capa*, *pica*, or *banderillas?*" he asked.

"Why, I had not thought; but any, if I—if I can learn."

"If you can learn!" the amazed bull-fighter repeated. Then he went up to the old man, and patted him on the back. "There now," he said kindly, "it's some strange idea you have in your head, and all impossible. Why, if the business is dangerous for me, what for you? No, my *anciano*, leave that for us who have not seen enough of life to fall in love with it."

TWO STOUT LEGS DANGLED OVER THE ARENA.

Pancho limped home to his little adobe hut without the city, and as he toiled along he shook his head sadly, very disconsolate.

But there lay a quality of persistence in the make-up of the plodding *mono*, as his *toreador*-knight was to discover. When El Caballero's troupe moved from Seville on to other engagements, Pancho ceased to be a *mono*. With the savings of years in the leathern belt about his middle, he followed the *cuadrilla* of bull-fighters like a straggler on the heels of an army. He knocked no more at El Caballero's door until asked, which did not happen for a long, weary time; but he was always on hand wherever El Caballero fought, perched upon the front tier of stone seats, in the sun and therefore the cheapest, dangling his legs over the arena; and when the young *matador* nodded to him, and even once tossed him his gorgeous *capa* for guardianship, he grinned wonderfully and abysmally. His interest in the sport was of the keenest. One time, at a particularly critical moment, he either leaned over too far, or was carried away by enthusiasm; at any rate, when El Caballero had flung himself clear of danger, there was Pancho squarely in the arena, clambering over the barriers back to his seat. Nuñez wondered much at the constant attendance of the *mono*, but supposed it to be an extreme case of admiration for his work in the ring. He came to regard this invariable spectator as a fixture of the performance, and from sheer habit he sought out that dusky, rotund visage the first thing on entering the ring.

Mexico is the New World for the *toreadores* of Spain, much the same as New York is for English actors, and a Mexican tour fell naturally within the professional career of El Caballero. The initial performance took place in a city of the coast. When Juan Nuñez entered at the head of his glittering cavalcade, he felt an odd tinge of loneliness—the beaming face would not be there to greet him now. The old habit seized him nevertheless, and unconsciously his eyes wandered over the first tier of seats. Suddenly he stopped and stood as if planted for the space of a second. Two stout legs dangled over the arena, and a complacent smile crumbled away into a mammoth grin. Coincidence had become the rule, in which steamship voyages and oceans were not factors. While the first bull slain was being dragged out, Nuñez paused before the stout legs. His first words were an oath, coarse enough for a bull-fighter's, and an efficient medium of surprise. Then he said:

"Come to the hotel to-night."

That evening Pancho tapped at El Caballero's door, timidly, as he had done a few months before in Seville. The bull-fighter seized him by the shoulders, and boisterously tumbled him into a chair.

"Now, my *anciano*," he cried with much profanity, "explain, by Our Lady of Sorrows, explain."

Pancho's wide smile spread like a truant schoolboy's.

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"In the hold of a ship, Señor," he explained, "one sometimes finds a bit of empty darkness."

Nuñez swore in the way known to Spaniards, and asked why he came.

"My hope is yet to join your *cuadrilla*," he stammered.

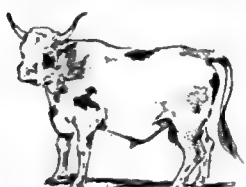
A flow of violent language attested the impression made on Juan Nuñez, and this, added to an abandon in tossing down cognac, was a sad commentary of something more. The patrician lines were now lost in hardened lineaments, his eyes were heavier than his jaw, and flabby folds betrayed the commencement of bloating. In the struggle against remembrance the grandee had become the bull-fighter, and nothing more. But for Pancho, the *mono*, he was still The Knight.

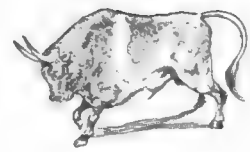
"*Por Dios*," the *torero* swore, his hand again reaching for the decanter, "you shall join the *cuadrilla*; by my own spotless soul you shall, if it drives every cursed man of us to beggary and Don Pluton."

Pancho was trembling with surprise and joy. He held out his hands and tried to speak.

"Stop, no outbursts!" cried Nuñez. "Come to the plaza in the morning, and we'll give you a blunted-horned playfellow to practise on. By all the saints and some who are not, thou shouldst do in this country: there are many worse."

But it was quite evident to the Mexicans that Pancho would not do, and they are infallible critics in the art of worrying a bull. This fellow bungled always. He obstinately hovered near Juan Nuñez, surnamed El Caballero, particularly when that gallant *matador* was engaged in perilous work, and, by stumbling in his chief's way, he usually succeeded in marring the exploit. At such times the exasperated spectators failed to note that the shameless coward never flinched so long as both he and El Caballero were exposed to the bull's horns. Very strange it seemed, too, but the *matador* did not lose patience. Sometimes, on turning from the bull, only to run plump against the unwieldy little man, with his big round head and his shocky gray hair, he would shake his head and smile in protest, but that was all. But it was not in the people who supported bull-fighters to be so tolerant, and they hated intensely this one blemish on a clever troupe, so in mockery they dubbed him *El Gordito Valiente* (the Valiant Little Fat Man), because of much flesh and not any valor.





In the course of time the troupe visited Puebla, and people crowded the *plaza de toros* to pass judgment on the famed daring of El Caballero.

Sombreros and blankets made alive and restless the sunny benches, silk tiles and a more genteel expectancy marked the shady side. Spanish mantillas and Parisian bonnets gave the boxes the luxuriant coloring of a tropical garden, and light-hearted laughter lent society's conventional animation to the scene.

The roar of many voices greeted the opening signal from the *presidente's* trumpet.

"Here they come," everybody cried. The refrain swelled to a din. A wide gate was thrown open, and a dazzling cavalcade entered and stalked across the arena with an exaggerated hauteur. These remnants of Castilian chivalry, their heads high and chests pompously blown, had quick effect on the people. Prolonged glee possessed the amphitheatre.

Ahead and a little apart walked the *matador*. The overworked dignity of the others was comical; but he, at least, seemed unconscious of theatricals.

The troupe drew up before the *presidente's* box and saluted imposingly, but the *matador* was forced to make an impartial circuit of the plaza and bow to the multitude section by section.

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At a second blast from the trumpet another gate was dragged open, and a bull charged into the ring. He was a magnificent beast, and fulfilled terribly the management's promise to supply "valiant bulls." Maddened by the barbed rosette thrust into his shoulder, he tore his way to the centre of the arena, where he stopped and pawed the earth. Through the dust-cloud glared his eyes, blood-red, in quest of a foe. The populace approved the animal noisily. The bull-fighters hovered near the barriers. Even the *picadores*, comparatively safe on horseback, showed little desire for a first glory.

"El Caballero!" The people appealed to their darling.

The *matador* had just thrown his gaudy *capa* to a spectator for safe keeping, when he heard his name, turned, and perceived the bull for the first time. Admiration for the rampant brute seemed to absorb him, and he approached to note his fine points at a nearer range. He was without means of protection, without even the red *capa*. The bull drew back, snorting a barbaric challenge. The man smiled approvingly, as the connoisseur who appreciates game qualities, and went leisurely nearer. The bull watched him, puzzled, then enraged at the audacity. He tossed his horns and waited. When about five paces distant, he lowered his head and plunged forward straight in a line. The horns swooped upward, the cords in the massive neck swelled like ropes for driving force, and then the people beheld one of El Caballero's famed *coups*. In the fatal instant itself he stepped lightly to one side. The bulky mass tore by, and, with a backward swing of the hand, he slapped the animal upon his sweaty nostrils. A strand of gold braid dangled from one horn, the bull's only trophy.

A roar of delight went up.

"Ver-ee nice-lee done," observed Don Carlos, the visiting grandee.

Hardly had the uproar encircling the arena like a flame died down when the people lost their breaths again. Yet a climax? they wondered. This Spaniard must be an artist indeed, with a magnificent feeling for the dramatic. Another scene was on, and this promised almost to a certainty the spilling of a soul. The bull had overcome his unwieldy momentum, and, turning, beheld his enemy coolly sauntering away. The *torero* had evidently dismissed the affair from his mind. The bull saw, and seemed to make a kingly distinction between injury and insolence. A man's back, not in retreat, but with the victor's assumption, was a slur on his prowess. He bellowed terribly, just once, and again lowered his horns. The huge body shot to the mark as from a catapult.

"*Cui-dou-u!*" a spectator found his voice to cry warning.

The man strolled on, thrillingly unconcerned. His solitary figure in that peril was a figure of grandeur. He seemed incapable of tremor. His confident strides suggested some hellish reserve beneath his indifference. Taut muscles girded the jaws, and stamped out the wanton smile upon his lips. His very fearlessness repelled with a chilling cruelty. All who looked, shuddered.

Involuntarily they pitied the bull, yet nothing there was from earth to sky to come between the beast and the man. The light between the two went out. In the audience a shriek pierced the silence and made it more intense, and a woman fainted in one of the boxes. A shiver passed over the multitude. In the certainty of anticipation they saw the blood spurting from the man's back, bathing the head and neck of the bull. The *toreros* instinctively sprang forward to tear free their captain's impaled body. No one reckoned on the man. And yet the real scene was different: El Caballero, without turning, raised his head to quicken the sense of hearing, the two bodies merged into one, a sweep of the man's hand to his waist, a flash of lavender to one side, a man springing to the other.

Out of the cloud of dust a bull appeared where a man had been. Upon his horns was caught, not a human form, but the end of a silken *rebosa*. Behind, El Ca-

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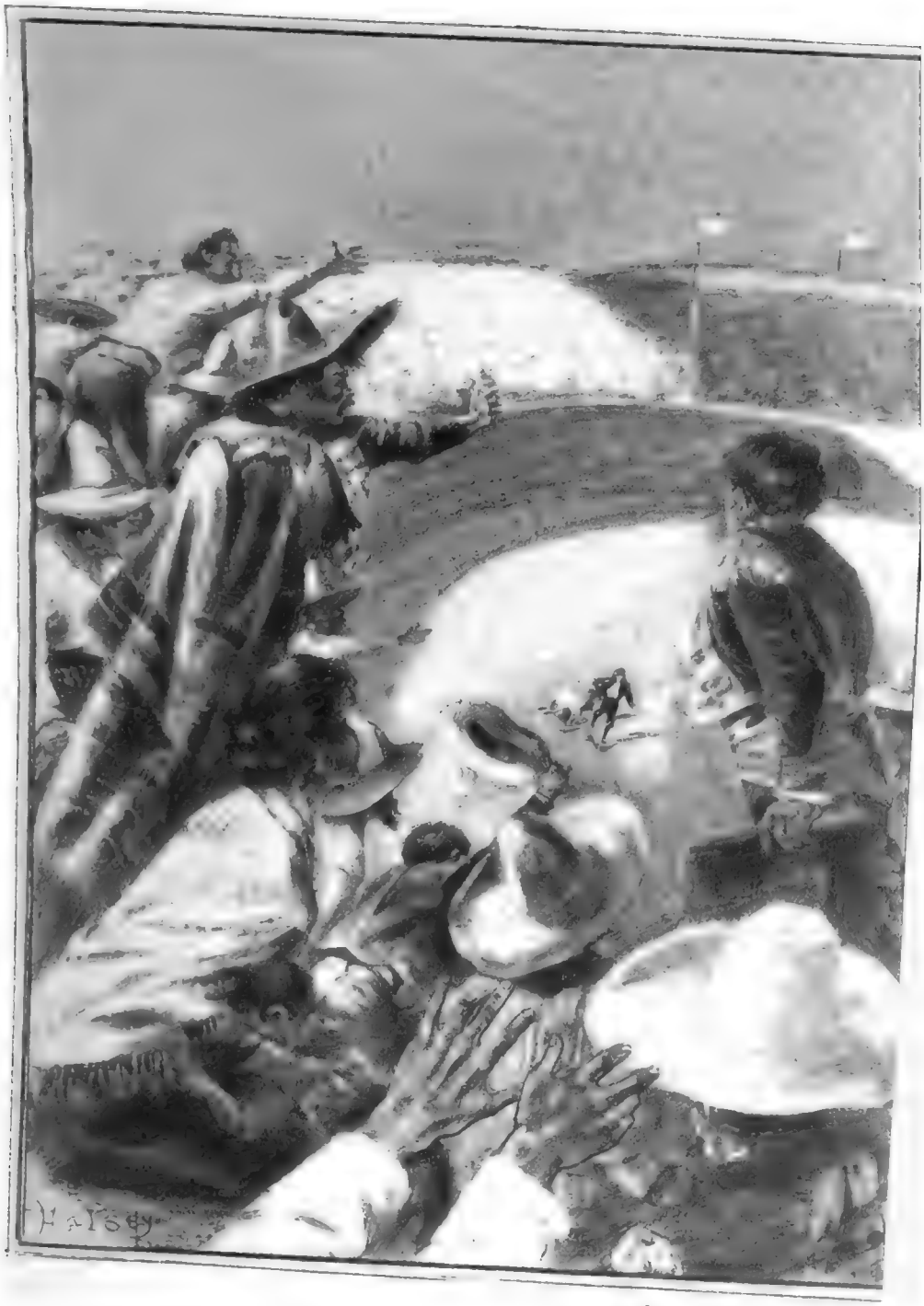

THE CONCOURSE
ABOUT THE ARENA . .
TURNED TO MANIACS. .

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ballero stood poised, the old smile returned to his lips. In his hand he grasped the other end of the *rebosa*, which he jerked and ripped free of the horns. He flung the tattered thing under his feet, and continued the stroll which the bull had hardly interrupted.

The people of the far south go mad in delirious fashion. One must witness a genuinely exciting bull-fight to know how tame a foot-ball game is—among the spectators. The concourse about the arena on this day turned to maniacs, and chaos was their playground. Men jumped up and down and hugged themselves and each other in frantic glee, because of the feat of the sash. The band forgot the conventional quick-march of triumph, and individually plunged into different tunes at the same time. El Caballero's act simply accorded with the most exalted ideals of these people, and in the glory of it no man knew restraint. No mere pandemonium of sound could suffice. There had to be animation, and volleys of canes, blankets, chairs, sombreros, silk tiles, cigarettes, and money swarmed through the air into the arena. The trumpet rang out for order, but order before exhaustion was impossible.

The bull was killed and the crazed assemblage demanded a repetition. There came next a sulky, red-eyed brute, which did not seem to be mystified by the superb fearlessness of his executioner. The people were breathless; they nerved themselves again for the climax, when the hero, as the bull charged down after him, as the horns touched his back, should turn and raise his hand in gentle reprimand and the great monster should pause bewildered.

The man strolled carelessly away. The red-eyed bull thundered on. People rose in their seats, stretched upon their toes, lifted their arms in sympathy with the coming action of the *matador*.

But when El Caballero turned this time, and as the thunders of applause commenced, the bull, a few feet away, lowered his horns. He was an innovator. He had broken loose from the spell of mastery.

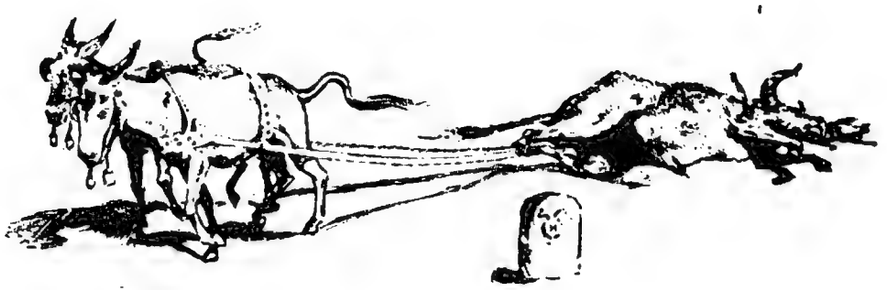
A scared face and an anxious bit of a chubby man waving a *capa* stumbled between. Then the spaces of sunlight dividing the three bodies went out, and there pulsated a single black spot on the arena. Pancho, as usual, was everlastingly in the way.

Bull-fighters rushed forward, and helplessly flung their *capas*, but none dared come quite near, none except El Caballero. He had been knocked off his feet, but arose unhurt. The bull angrily tossed his blood-stained neck and head, trying in vain to shake off the limp body fastened on his horns. El Caballero sprang before him. The animal lowered his head to gore, and in the instant the *matador* lifted off the body and stepped to one side.

As they bore Pancho from the ring, Juan Nuñez looked down upon the closing eyes, and his hardened features softened to the refinement of tenderness. Once more he was the poor *mono's* knight.

"My *anciano*," he muttered over and over to himself, "oh, why couldst thou not let me go as I wished?"

Meanwhile an indignant people regretted a bull-fight all but ruined by one man's stupidity.



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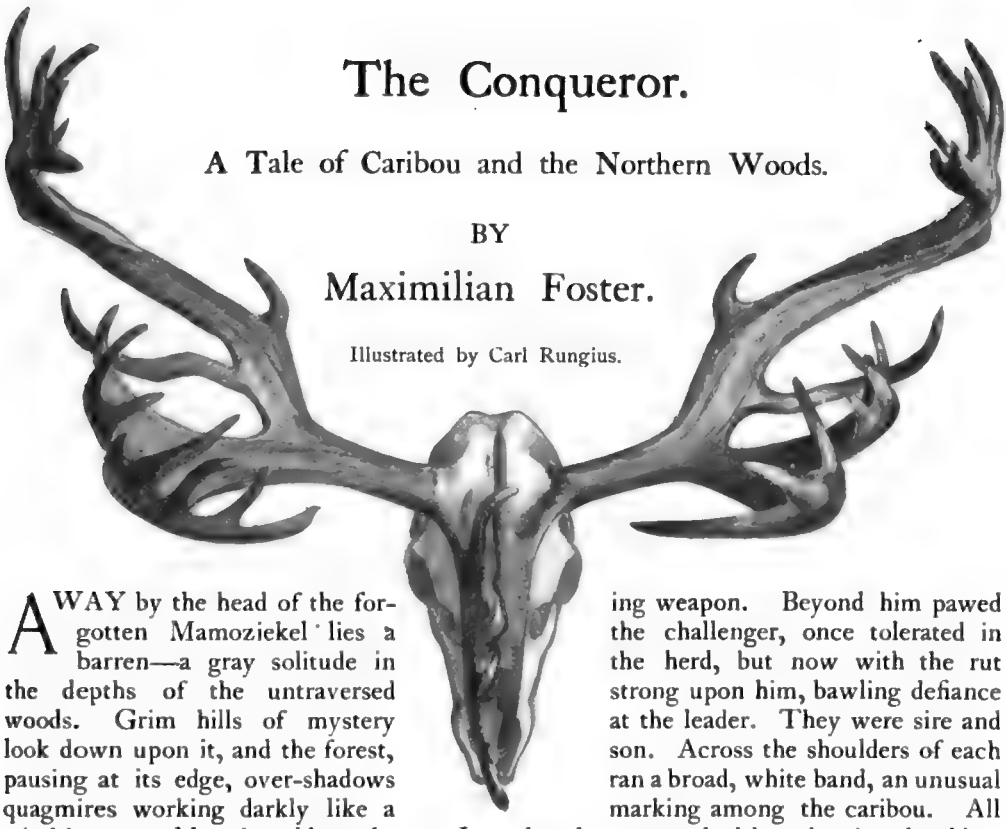
The Conqueror.

A Tale of Caribou and the Northern Woods.

BY

Maximilian Foster.

Illustrated by Carl Rungius.



AWAY by the head of the forgotten Mamoziekel lies a barren—a gray solitude in the depths of the untraversed woods. Grim hills of mystery look down upon it, and the forest, pausing at its edge, over-shadows quagmires working darkly like a witch's pot. Man is seldom there. Its waste is given over to the sombre moose and to herds of woodland caribou, stray voyagers of the wilderness who track in from the runways leading to the south, and go unchallenged across its breadth.

There came a wind from the north. It drew down the flank of the mountain, sheeting the landscape with a pall of flying vapor, roared a moment on the forest-edge, and swept across the barren. Night was falling. The last daylight glimmered in the west, and hastening clouds streaked the horizon in the van of the coming storm.

On the brink of the black pool at the centre of the barren stood a herd of caribou, their heads uplifted, staring. A moment before there had been peace—quietly feeding, they had straggled across the bog. But now battle was in the air. On the flank of the band stood the herding bull—a great, white-maned creature, gray on the flanks, whose crowning antlers upreared over the cows like a guarding weapon. Beyond him pawed the challenger, once tolerated in the herd, but now with the rut strong upon him, bawling defiance at the leader. They were sire and son. Across the shoulders of each ran a broad, white band, an unusual marking among the caribou. All day the younger had been beating the alders with his horns; now he was wildly eager for the fray. *Rub-rr-r!* he bellowed gutturally.

The gale had lulled a moment, and in the sudden quiet, the sound volleyed across the interval. An uneasy tremor moved the herd; it bunched in its agitation, the cows huddling about their principal. The swollen neck of the herding bull bristled. Snorting an answer, he breasted the cows aside, his call of war ringing clear across the gathering night. Pawing the sodden earth, he pushed forward, "brattling" in rage. After years of mastery, should his sway be now disputed? Here was the bidding of Nature—once more the struggle for mastery.

Roaring, they crashed together. With a ringing stroke their antlers met, and, heads down, they wrestled across the mossy flooring of the bog. Their breaths whistled stridently, and the ground thudded beneath their quick-flying strokes. Night resounded with the clang of horn on horn. Nervously the cows looked on, or, again,

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in the lulls of the combat, stamped the bog. Sometimes they trotted to and fro along the flanks of the combat; sometimes they blatted, their staccato complaint urging on the fighters.

Weakness fell upon the herding bull, long time master of the ranges. He felt his power slipping from him. Conqueror in half a hundred battles, he was himself to taste the bitterness of defeat. Against his stout antagonist, whose thews and sinews were an inheritance from himself, his stand was short. His breath failed, and every voice gasped agony as it whistled from his lungs. The younger bull plied on with added fierceness, hurling his bulk against the tottering defence, beating down the swaying head—striking, stabbing as he would. Roaring in frenzy, the older bull upreared, wavered, and crashed backward as the other goaded him with piercing tines. A moment he lay inert; then tottering to his feet, he fled, his implacable enemy following, driving him from the place.

A sudden flaw swept again across the barren, and the wind hummed among the spruce like a sound of gales upon the sea. The cows had wandered on, and with backs to the gusts, were feeding before the storm, indifferent now to the outcome of the fray. They had passed the pond hole, when across the bog came a rattle of hoofs clicking like a dancer's castanets. They threw up their heads and tried the air. Then they faced the storm, and out of the blinding rain-sheets came the conqueror, his neck still ruffled and his eyes still red from rage. He called once, they answered softly, and they were gone together—fleeting spectres vanishing into the gloom. It was but the way of Nature—the survival of the fittest.

With the deepening of the snows, the battling rage of the bull died out. Yet he still held sway over the herd, leading it proudly from range to range. Their old leader was gone—exiled, an outcast. Together the band tracked the wilderness—here one day and gone the next, yet ever returning to the big barren of the Mamoziekel. In broad daylight they kept to the open country, for their lord was not the usual caribou bull, who skulks halting through the bushes. His craft seemed infallible; his nose keen to detect danger in the wind. So he led bravely.

Through the long winter they hovered about the barren. Sometimes, after a heavy wind, they voyaged through the forest to feed on the lichens blown down with broken limbs and tree-tops, but in the deep snow their usual food was the moss on the big barren. In its centre were no drifts, and they pawed away the white covering and fed fatly upon the food beneath. Still wind and weather told. Before the new year had come, their coats were growing streaky yellow, the hair long and heavy, and their round barrels were gradually flattening out.

The bull no longer wore his crest with pride. It seemed a useless burden. He faced the wind with a lowered head, and about the bases of his horns crept an itching soreness. As he straggled into the wracked, distorted depths of a cedar swamp, he struck his antlers against a tree, and one antler dropped to the ground. Then he forged along, lop-eared and lop-headed, a most dejected-looking royalty—for all like a tipsy princeling with coronet askew. But a day later he revived; the other horn followed its mate, and relieved of the uneven burden, he skipped across the barren at an eager pace, the snow flying in clouds under his cracking hoofs. The cows followed, and working to the northward, he crossed the timbered valley, swung up over the ridges, and bore away to Nictau. Through the forest they kept their unbroken gait, their broad hoofs carrying them gallantly over the snow-drifts, and, at length, burst forth on the frozen surface of the lake. The sun shone, the air was crisp and invigorating. Like kittens they gambolled up and down the broad expanse. At night they fed in the black swamp at the eastward, and with the rising of the moon, filed again across the ice, bound for a far-away range on the headwaters of the Sisson Branch.

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The winter passed, and there was promise in the air. Flights of wild fowl, gossiping high overhead, sped northward to the breeding places; and on the mountain's southern slopes the ground was bursting with new life. The winter uneasiness of the herd had waned; they sought for a summer resting ground, and in swift passages southward, drove the bewildered moose floundering from many a winter yard. But, after all the wandering, the herd returned once more to the big barren, and in a thick swamp just at its head cast themselves down to settle for the season.

Domestic affairs occupied their time. The bull's horns had just sprouted, when a heavy cow bore into the world a little awkward stranger. It was an uncouth youngling, indeed. Its feet seemed out of all proportion; it was knock-kneed and hardly bigger than a dog. The bull clung about idly while this offspring was delivered into the world, and at dawn slouched into the covert where the mother cow lay huddled, the weakling at her side. He gazed at the calf—the clumsy, spindle-legged creature with the spreading, splay feet—and sniffed as if in scorn. But still the calf was big—a bull, and, like its sire, curiously marked with the band of white across its withers. It shuffled loosely to its knees as he loomed over it, and the cow, reaching forth, steadied it with her head until it stood, with legs far apart, for the first time on its feet.

Seemingly, the calf gave little concern to the bull, for the surly leader had troubles of his own. His head was swollen about the pedicles of the growing horns, and all his attention was required to pick a painless way for himself through the forest arches. Moreover, the flies had come with the first warm weather; life was hardly worth living when they grew attentive, and there was no peace without a lake or mud-wallow handy. Two pads of velvet on the sides of his head showed where the new antlers were sprouting, and as they pushed forth he scratched them delicately with the point of his hoof. They were sore—very sore, indeed—and he moved about in moody dignity.

When the weather grew warm in earnest, and the calf was able to frisk about with his fellows, the herd's longing took them tripping from one lake to another. In the clear, cool water they swam and wallowed. Sometimes they fed on the water grasses, but their main food was still lichens. They did not often browse, as the moose do, on the tender sprigs, and when they did, they plucked at the buds instead of nipping them clearly. An Indian, seeing their work, would have known it from the browsing of the moose. "Moose ben here, sartin"—pointing to a clean-cut twig. "Hunh! that caribow feller!"—pointing to a fractured one.

During the day they clung to the heart of the deepest swamps, and at night tracked the shores of the black ponds and pug-holes. There was one mud-pit in an opening on the ridges which they often favored, and here the bull, his cows, and the calves would wallow in pure delight. Garbed with black slime from head to foot, they were a rowdy crew, but the morning dip in the lake made them once more presentable. It was a grand life, and they waxed fat and happy.

One warm afternoon, just after the last snow had vanished from the hollows under the hills, the herd bore down the slope of Bald Mountain, and swung away toward Bathurst. When they struck into the flat lying between, the bull paused and threw up his head. A faint air strayed about the valley, and, as a cross-current swept overhead, the bull caught a warning scent—the rank taint that betrayed the presence of a foe. He sniffed heavily, his nose wrinkling as he sought another gust, and was just tentatively stepping onward, when there was a resounding crash in the bush.

A black form hurled itself upon him. He saw the creature jump—a great hulk of fur—saw its distended jaws and horrid shape. One instant he stood appalled, then with a violent thrill he leaped aside. It was a bear, a lean, ravenous creature, not long from its winter den, and wild

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with hunger. As the bull jumped the bear shot by, missed its stroke, but by chance gashed a cow cruelly along the shoulder. She was a big one, an anomaly that boasted a small set of horns. Bawling with fear, she wheeled and fled, a flap of skin hanging from her shoulder, and blood streaming along the brown forest. Crashing forward with frantic jumps, the herd cleared the perilous neighborhood, and once free from the peril, dropped into their swinging trot, while from the rear came the bear's long-drawn howl of disappointment.

As they clattered along the back-trail fresh disaster awaited. Beyond the spur of the ridge, they crossed down toward the lake, and were clattering along the game-trail at its edge, when the cows halted abruptly, spun about, and fled, the calves shambling at their heels. The bull stopped in wonder. He tried the air, and scented a strong, pungent odor—saw a wisp of blue smoke crawling over the tree-tops, and, for the first time in his life, beheld a man. Cautiously he drew near, vainly trying for a scent. He saw the figure at the fire start up, and then a ripping crash thundered along the forest. The bull jumped. He did not know he had been fired on, and in mild curiosity skipped through the bush and circled the camp. There a sudden suspicion seized him; he plunged about, and in a long, swinging stride took away on the trail of the cows.

On the Bathurst carry he overtook them. The cows and calves were ambling along the open path, still nervous with vague terrors. They had escaped so far, but what was in store? The bull took his place at their head, resolved that peace and quiet must be sought far away from here. As they dipped down over the crest of the divide, and neared an abandoned beaver-meadow, he swung out, mindful of his horns, from under a leaning tree-trunk that had all the semblance of a windfall. But the cows kept straight on. Crash! The windfall fell thunderously, filling the silent forest with reëchoing noises. The bull leaped as if struck. Beneath the heavy tree lay the leading cow, her back broken, writhing in a last mortal effort. She had walked into the trap, sprung the trigger, and the dead-fall had slain her as its builders had devised. They were the poachers in camp on the lake—bear hunters—and this was their method of getting bait for bruin.

The bull circled about the dying cow, powerless to aid. He sniffed the air, and hung over his stricken mate, trotting to and fro with futile energy. A gust stirred the tree-tops, and whirling along the ridge, set down toward him. Snorting anew, he threw up his head and looked. He saw two figures running swiftly along the trail—saw them stoop and point forward, and once more the forest resounded with the rifle's deafening noise. The herd broke and ran in every direction, leaving him there alone. Once more there was a loud report, a gush of flame—the man had fired and missed again. But as the lead stirred the hair on the bull's shoulders, he shook himself together from this mad fascination and fled—away from the direful place and the cow heaving in a convulsion of death upon the forest floor.

The herd was gone, and he a wanderer alone. He followed to the north, searching far and wide. He tried the unknown barrens under the flank of Bald Mountain, swept about the edge of the long ridges and circled the headwaters of the Mamoziekel. But they were gone, he knew not where. Alone and weary, he kept up the days of weary pursuit, felt the summer slip by, and, with the first frosts, was touched, once more, with the rutting wrath.

They told in the settlements of a caribou bull—a mighty straggler from the herds, bigger than any man had ever seen before. He was using along the great range westward of Nictau, and twice, they knew, he had been fired upon. Once blood had been drawn, but the men on the trail were no match in speed or stamina for this solitary, and had given up the chase after weary miles, convinced that the wound was slight. His antlers were

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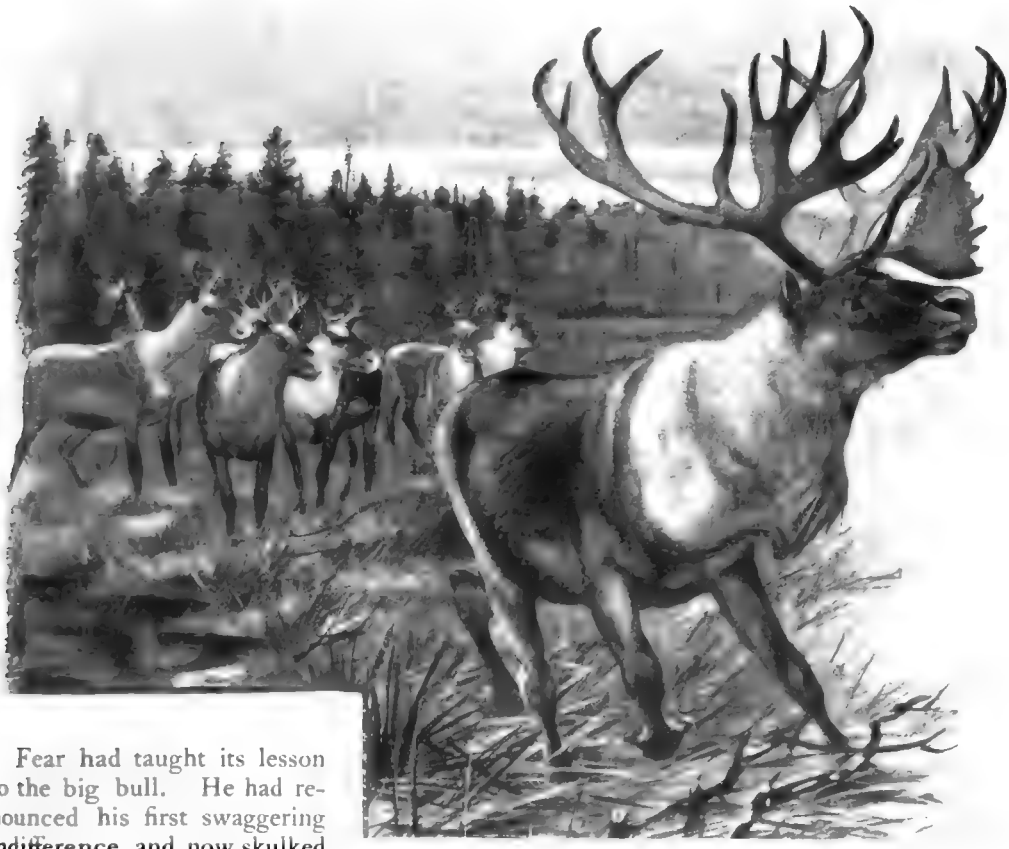
a marvel; they spread like the brown roots of a hemlock windfall, and down the centre of his nose ran a brow-palm, as big and broad, almost, as the shovel of a moose. Vainly they sought for a nearer shot; but his craft foiled them. At the first suggestion of danger he was gone, vanishing like a spectre.

Fear had taught its lesson to the big bull. He had renounced his first swaggering indifference, and now skulked and treaded as timorously as any creature on the range. He followed the wind keenly, and on the rising ridges looked over for possible foes before revealing himself. He no longer swam the ponds in daylight, and rarely moved except at night. But among the caribou he was still master. He fought from range to range, forever looking for the lost herd, but the snows came again, and he had not found it. Sometimes he forgot his terrors, and ran through the forest, pausing on the ridges to roar a challenge or a call. But it was of no avail, and, at last, in a sudden access of fury, he fell upon the leader of a passing herd, beat him down, and, victorious, thrust his companionship upon the cows.

Year after year he kept on. His rage was masterful. He harried and abused and drove from the hills the bulls that sought to withstand him. He rounded his cows about roughly, hectoring them at every turn. At the beginning of every rut he fell in a fury upon the spike-horn yearlings, and gored cruelly, driving them from the herd. Perhaps he was in mind of how he himself had come into power over his own sire. In this warfare he wandered far from the barren of the Mamoziekel, carrying dismay before him.



SNORTING AN ANSWER, HE BREASTED THE COWS ASIDE.

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Yet in his heart there was ever a longing, a desire to return and once more be with the lost herd, to go back to the place of his birth as every caribou goes.

Years passed and he grew old. His horns had increased in size and strength while his vigor held, but now that age was coming, he noted a difference. At last one autumn found him with diminished weapons. In the place of the centre palm was only a spindly tine. Moreover, his antlers did not reach so far, nor were they so stout about the beams. Still, he felt no relaxing of his ugly humors, no weakening of his might. He held his sway unchecked, and when other bulls came up against him, he forced the conflict to a swift and powerful climax.

His fear of men had become a second nature. He steered wide of ranges where he had heard the rifle speak doom to other caribou. Nor did he relax his vigilance, like the other bulls, when law forbids the shooting. He took no chances, and so, survived. Then one day the fit to wander homeward fell upon him. He shacked to his feet, and roared. The cows arose, and, at the sound, another bull came challenging up the slope of the ridges. He was big, and the battle waxed furious. At its height, still another bull, an interloper, stole in and drove away the cows. Thus, when the conflict ended, and the challenging bull had been driven crashing through the thickets, he again found himself alone. He stood for a while and called. But there was no answer, no clatter of the brush betokening their return. Darkness fell upon the forest, and turning his head southward, he sped away, homeward—back to the black headwaters of the Mamoziekel and the big barren that still lay unchanged, to the forest where axe never sounded nor rifle spoke. Hope sprang high in his heart—the lost herd would be found.

Into this wild came, the day after, a man. He had followed the long valley of the stream that runs into Nictau, setting a course along the ridges that back up the southern slope of Bald Mountain. He pushed out upon the barren, and halted, studying the tracks that marked the black ooze of the quagmire. Presently he stooped, with wide eyes studying one great track that punctuated the writing of trafficking herds. The slot was big and broad, more than a hand's-breadth across, and, with the twin dots of the accessory hoofs, almost as long. Rising with a gesture of eagerness, he sped along, studying the ground.

Overhead, a skim of dull vapor cast across the zenith, and the wind, moaning fitfully among the tall spires of the pines and spruce, betokened the approach of snow. Abruptly the man turned aside from the trail, plunged into the edge of the forest, and threw down his pack. Pushing aside the bush, he crouched there, his rifle ready.

In a thicket farther up the bog lay the big bull. Here in this retreat he was nursing the wounds of battle—stiff and sore and ugly.

A twig cracked on the hillside. His neck bristled, and he heaved himself to his feet. Across the open he saw a cow steal to the edge of the woods and peep forth. Another followed, then came a pair of skipping calves and two more cows, one a shoulder-scarred creature with small horns. A tremor seized him. He saw the familiar forms, the gray figures of old, the calves band-streaked across the withers—the lost herd! He pushed from the thicket, calling madly, and at the same moment another bull stepped into the open in the train of the advancing cows.

Across the shoulders of the newcomer was that same distinctive mark. His own memory went back to the day when this great, gallant creature was but a weakling come into the world in this same swamp. And now it had grown to this proud estate! Year after year it had clung to the herd. As a yearling it had been tolerated by the usurper who had found the stray herd when they lost their leader in the disaster of the trap. But with its second year and its first long spikes, it had been browbeaten, pushed, and driven about. Still it had kept by the same lit-

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HIGH INTO THE AIR LEAPED THE CONQUERING BULL.

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tle family, returning in peace when the rut was past. Again in the third year it had fought and failed; but in the fourth it arose, mighty in strength, well-armed and headed, and falling upon the bullying lord of the herd, drove him forth, stricken and cowed.

At a sharp trot the band moved down the wind. Forward stepped the old bull. His head was uplifted with its still mighty crest, and there was a new fire in his eye. He gazed at the cows and at their leader. He stretched his throat and called anew, and, at the racketing call, they halted in their tracks.

The younger bull stopped, stamping. The hair on his neck ruffled; he spread his feet and bellowed a challenge. Who was this come to dispute his sway? His petulant hoof pawed the earth, and gutturally he gave the call of war.

The sound rang down the barren, stirring the man crouching in the thicket. At the challenge the old bull tossed his antlers. Before he had never hesitated; but now he did not rush to battle. Old memories, perhaps, were in his mind, and in his heart peace. But the challenge was renewed; the other was advancing. With lowered head the younger bull stepped along, fire in his eyes. *Ruh-rr-r!* he roared—*ruh!*

They advanced, the old bull half temporizing. He called plaintively, but the other took no notice of the appeal. Nearer he came—nearer and nearer, and the man, crouching in the thicket, cocked his rifle, waiting.

A sudden scurry of hoofs beat upon the bog. With a frenzied effort the younger bull burst upon the other. The big one fell back, unwilling for combat, but once more the young one charged. Startled, the old bull recoiled again, and the younger, breaking through his guard, stabbed him on the flank.

A pang ran through the old caribou's nerves, and a roar escaped him. He forgot all; his wrath, his fear, perhaps, aroused. Once more the blood ran hotly through his veins, and he turned upon his antagonist, mad for the fight.

Their heads shocked together, and the forest threw back the sound in clattering echoes. The torn and trampled moss flew about and blood-streaked froth flecked their heaving shoulders. Again they lunged, the antlers locked—one striving for mastery; the other—knowing it—for life. Once the old bull was forced back upon his haunches, and was all but lost. By a mighty effort he writhed free and recovered. Then he whirled upon the other, and strove to beat down his crest. He was sublime, yet he failed—and terror choked him.

A flurry of snow sped across the bog, the first of the dying year. It wheeled across the landscape for an instant, blotting out the fray. The man, crouching in the thicket, drew a hand across his eyes, almost appalled at the fierceness of this strife. Slipping out upon the barren, he crawled toward them.

The younger bull drew on. With unabated strength he beat and battered at the swaying antlers of his adversary, and inch by inch drove him back. His rage was direful. The cows, trotting up and down the arena, called piteously; yet the strife went on. At last, with an overwhelming effort, the younger bull drove upon the other. He hunched his shoulders, struck with destroying force, and as the old bull staggered for an instant, half-reared, and turned aside, he struck still again, another mighty blow. Down went the old bull, a brow-tine piercing him to the vitals. He struggled once to his knees, turned with a despairing call to the cows, and died.

Back from the forest blew the wind, laden with a terrifying taint. One breath of it sent the cows streaming in every direction. But the conqueror gave no heed. He stood over the dead, lifted his crest, and gave the call. Blood and froth flecked his white mane; the steam spumed from his wide-pressed nostrils.

A moment's silence—then from down the bog streamed a spear of flame. The hills harked back with thundering echoes. Again a shot! High into the air leaped the conquering bull, and fell, kicking spasmodically, across the form of the other.

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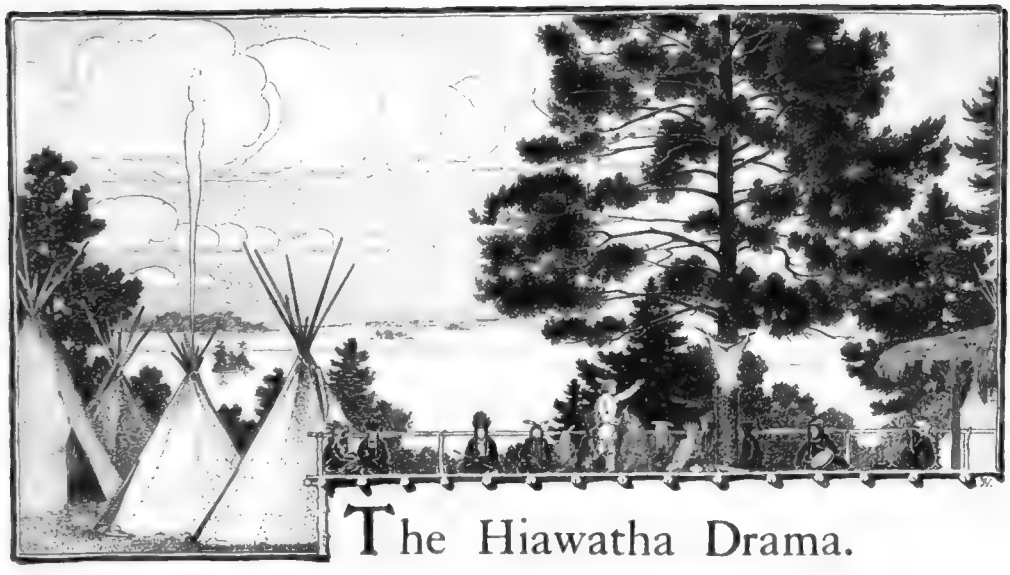

The Hiawatha Drama.

A Unique Festival of the Ojibway Indians.

By Henry Harrison Lewis.

WHEN Henry Wadsworth Longfellow laid aside his pen after writing the final line of "The Song of Hiawatha," forty-five years ago, he had no idea that the time would come when men would be able to see in the flesh the romantic characters created by him from the ancient legends of the Ojibways. Nor did he dream that his daughters would one day watch under the light of a Northern sun the wooing of Minnehaha, and the antics of crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis in the "Beggar's Dance."

Of all the poems written by Longfellow perhaps none lends itself better to dramatic presentation than "Hiawatha." And it is certain that none is more interesting to the student and lover of American romance. The "Song of Hiawatha" stands out in bold prominence among the epic poems of the English language. There is that in the theme and in the handling which will cause it to live long after the tribes of which it was written have been gathered to the Father of redskin and white.

It may not be generally known that the legends embodied in the "Song of Hiawatha" are genuine; that the Indian names and words employed are identical with those used to-day among the Ojibways, and that the geographical locations are correct. These are facts fully established. Longfellow builded his wonderful poem with consummate skill, and instilled into its songs all the fire of his genius, but the foundation was furnished him indirectly by a chief of the Ojibways, and to-day the younger generation of the tribe is being schooled in the same folk-lore—folk-lore centuries old when Longfellow was not yet born.

It is interesting to note that the story of Hiawatha, the description of his childhood, his memorable fight with Mudjekeewis, his wooing of beautiful Minne-

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TYPE OF THE OJIBWAY BRAVES AND SQUAWS FORMING THE CAST OF THE HIAWATHA DRAMA.

haha, the arrow-maker's daughter, and the thrilling misadventures of that picturesque knave, Pau-Puk-Keewis, practically as Longfellow wrote them, have been handed down among the Ojibways from time immemorial.

The manner of their passing to the poet is worth the telling. When Luke Schoolcraft, the explorer and ethnologist, went to live among the Ojibways at Garden River, their traditional camping ground near the extreme northwestern corner of Lake Huron, he quickly recognized them as the most intelligent and refined Indians whom he had met. He married into the tribe, and in time became acquainted with the legends and folk-lore contained in the Hiawatha stories.

The tribe was ruled in those days by Buk-wij-ji-ni-ni, the son of the renowned chieftain Shing-wauk. It was from the former that Schoolcraft learned the legends, and, although it has been stated that Longfellow personally visited Buk-wij-ji-ni-ni, there is good authority for thinking that Schoolcraft related the stories to the poet. The readers of Hiawatha will be slow to believe, however, that such marvellous accuracy and local color could have been secured at second-hand. It is said that Buk-wij-ji-ni-ni thought to his dying day that he told the legends personally to the author of Hiawatha, and bore a debt of cheerful gratitude accordingly. Longfellow's own explanation, as given in his introduction to the poem, is:

> Should you ask me, Whence these stories?
> Whence these legends and traditions,
> With the odors of the forest,
> With the dew and damp of meadows, . . ?
> . . . . . .
> I should answer, I should tell you,
> "From the forests and the prairies,
> From the Great Lakes of the Northland,
> From the land of the Ojibways,
> . . . . . .
> From the lips of Nawadaha,
> The musician, the sweet singer."

The giving of a sportsman's show in Boston, in 1898, was the means of securing an invitation for Buk-wij-ji-ni-ni to visit that city. He was delighted at the prospect of going to Boston to see the "good white man" who had made the Ojibway legends famous, for he did not know Longfellow was dead.

Before the time came to start on his journey the chief died. During his short and final illness he called to him two of his head men, Kabaoosa and Wabonosa, whom he had carefully schooled in the legends so dear to him, and commissioned them to carry his last greeting to Longfellow.

Kabaoosa and Wabonosa went to Boston, only to find that the historian of their tribal legends had also gone to the happy hunting grounds. They were received very cordially, however, by Miss Alice M. Longfellow, who was still living in

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A HEAD CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAYS, DRESSED IN THE ANCIENT GARB OF THE TRIBE.

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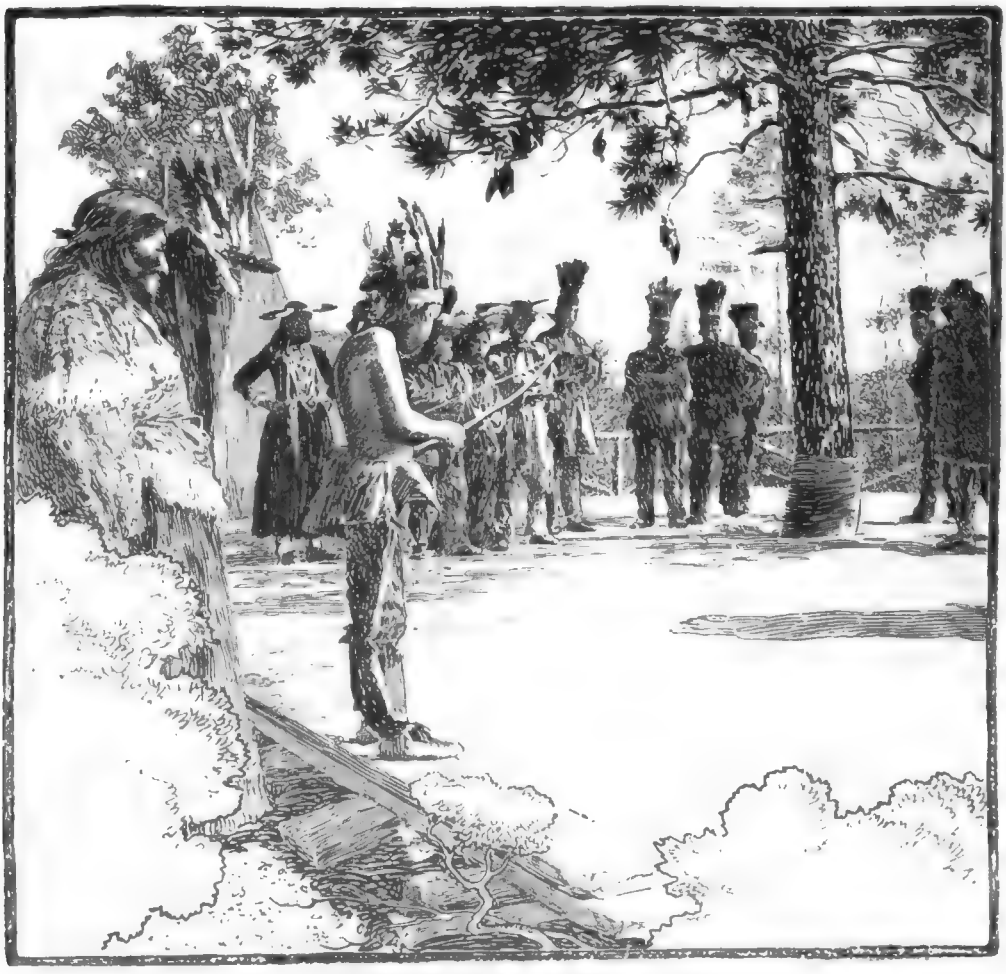
the old home, and by her sisters, Mrs. J. G. Thorpe and Mrs. R. H. Dana, and were delightfully entertained. When the two commissioners left they carried with them the promise of the poet's daughters that they would visit the "Islands of the Blessed" the following summer.

The news of this coming visit was received with great joy by the Ojibway Indians at Garden River, who immediately resolved to make the event one memorable in the annals of the tribe. It was planned as a part of the entertainment to give a series of *tableaux vivants*, representing scenes from the Wah-ne-bo-jo legend, as the group from which the Hiawatha stories are taken is known. The assistance of two gentlemen, a Mr. Armstrong, whose summer home is on one of the islands near the camping grounds of the Ojibways, and Mr. Francis West, a Boston artist, was sought. These gentlemen took the Indians' somewhat crude idea and shaped it into the finished plan, which was finally realized. Catlin's color-plates at Washington were consulted for historically correct costumes, and the text of Hiawatha was condensed so as to be presented in six scenes.

The site for the giving of the drama was ideal. A few miles from Sault Ste. Marie is the little Canadian town of Desbarates (pronounced Deb-ba-rah). About two miles from this place is Kensington Point,



THE YOUNG HIAWATHA LEARNING TO SHOOT WITH THE BOW.

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HIAWATHA, MINNEHAHA, AND THE ARROW-MAKER.

on the shore of the main lake. To the right of the Point is a pretty cove with an open beach, which slopes up into a fine, natural amphitheatre. Islands exceedingly bold and varied in outline dot the lake in front of this spot. The scene is wild and romantic in the extreme.

For centuries this place on the "shining Big-Sea-Water" had been the playground of the Ojibways, and it was peculiarly appropriate that here they should entertain the descendants of the white poet who had made them famous.

Preparations for the reception of the Longfellow party were varied and thorough. On an island a mile or so from

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the mainland a stone lodge was built and numerous tents erected for the visitors. The island itself is picturesque and rocky, two acres or more in extent, and indented with several little harbors. Rising from the water on the west is a miniature precipice fifty feet high, on whose brink the lodge is built. The stones of the building are covered with moss, and the timber used is cedar with the bark upon it.

THE WOOING OF MINNEHAHA. ARRIVAL OF HIAWATHA.

The interior is finished with silver birch-bark taken from very large trees and placed on the walls in panels. Let into the bark are pictures of Craigie House, Cambridge, the residence of the poet. Burnt into the walls over the windows are selections from Longfellow's works. To the left of the door, which is the main entrance, is the following familiar quotation:

> Beautiful is the sun, oh Strangers,
> When you come so far to see us;
> All our town in peace awaits you,
> All our doors stand open for you.
> You shall enter all our wigwams,
> For the heart's right hand we give you.

Over another window are these significant lines:

> In the land of the Ojibways,
> In the pleasant land and beautiful.

From the broad veranda surrounding the lodge can be seen the lovely panorama mentioned by Longfellow:

> Rose the firs with cones upon them;
> Bright before it beat the water,
> Beat the clear and sunny water,
> Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

The stage used by the Indians was erected close to the water's edge, and at the foot of the natural amphitheatre already mentioned. A tall, red pine rose from the centre of the wooden platform. To the extreme right was placed an isolated skin tepee of the Dakota pattern for the arrow-maker, while to the left and nearer the stage was a group of Ojibway tepees, the wigwam of Nokomis and other habitations. The shore side of the stage was protected with a railing, and the spot occupied by the spectators was separated from the stage itself by another railing covered with skins. A fleet of bark canoes, drawn up on the shore beyond, gave an added touch of realism to the scene.

At first the seventy-five or eighty Indian actors were somewhat shy, but they soon caught the spirit of the affair, and entered into it with the abandon of finished actors. Little make-up was necessary, aside from the reversion to the historical costumes, and a liberal supply of ochre. Several rehearsals were given, and then came the final moment of triumph, the performance before the Longfellow party. The latter consisted of Miss Alice M. Longfellow and Mrs. J. G. Thorpe, daughters of the poet; J. G. Thorpe, son-in-law; the three young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe, and two grandsons in the persons of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Henry W. Longfellow Dana.

After the audience had assembled in

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THE WEDDING FEAST.
PAU-PUK-KEEWIS IN THE
"BEGGAR'S DANCE."

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front of the stage, on the green slope already mentioned, signal-fires were lighted here and there at the back of the wigwam. The dense smoke caused by burning birch-bark soared aloft through the trees, and in response to this primitive summons a number of Indian braves attired in the war panoply of their tribes came hurrying through the wood from various directions. As they approached the stage they reduced their pace to a walk and finally to a stealthy, crouching tread. It was the assembling of the ancient enemies, the meeting face to face of the Ojibway and the Dakota, the Sioux and the Iroquois, the Huron and the Algonquin, who in days long past met only to fight, and fought only to die from the tomahawk or the knife.

When all were gathered on the stage, facing one another with glowering looks, a loud voice, that of Gitche Manito, the Mighty, suddenly called them in the Ojibway tongue to cease their warring. On the word the braves cast off their deerskin garments, dropped their weapons and dashed into the lake, where they speedily cleansed themselves from their hideous war-paint and returned to shore. At a motion from one of the chiefs, the Indians sat down in a large circle and, one after another, took a puff from the peace-pipe, each passing it gravely to his neighbor until all had drawn the smoke significant of acquiescence to the sacred bond. This was the end of the first act.

The second act was heralded by a group of squaws and bucks escorting a little Indian child to the stage. This was Hiawatha in his eighth year. He was come to practise under the tuition of his grandmother, Nokomis, with the bow and arrow,

> Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

made by Iagoo, "the traveller and the talker."

Standing with old Nokomis in the middle of the stage, the lad first put his arrow to bow. Nokomis instructed him in the art of shooting, and the warriors grouped about applauded when Hiawatha hit the mark.

The third scene showed Hiawatha grown into manhood. In the play a man was substituted for the boy at this stage. The youth had returned from his first journey over the Rockies, and he proceeded to explain the details of his wonderful trip. Indian picture-writing on birch-bark and skin was used with great effect at this point.

Following this scene came the beginning of Hiawatha's second journey to the land of the arrow-maker. The wigwam used was erected in one of the forest aisles at the left of the stage and a short distance away. Most realistic was the picture at the door of the old arrow-maker's tent when Hiawatha presented himself a second time. Minnehaha, graceful and comely, greeted him with the shyness of her sex. The scene was one that appealed to every spectator who had read or studied the poem:

> Then uprose the Laughing Water,
> From the ground fair Minnehaha,
> Laid aside her mat unfinished,
> Brought forth food and sat before them,
> Water brought them from the brooklet,
> Gave them food in earthen vessels,
> Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,
> Listened while the guest was speaking.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Not a single word she uttered,
> Yes, as in a dream she listened
> To the words of Hiawatha.

The wooing of the maiden was full of novelty and life, in fact, a beautiful representation of the picture in the poem.

The fourth scene in this remarkable drama of nature depicted that part of the poem so familiar to the majority of readers, the wedding feast. Lovely Minnehaha having been wooed and won, the celebration, as dear to the hearts of the aborigines of those days as to the belles of to-day, must follow. The first dance was novel and thoroughly characteristic. A picturesque old squaw stood guard with a tomahawk over a bevy of Indian maidens in the centre of the stage. On the outer edge of the platform lurked a number of ambitious young warriors, who sought to steal them from her. In spite of her vigilance and ready blows, they were taken away one after another, all to the tune of Indian war drum and chant.

The next dance was one which seemed

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THE DEFIANCE OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

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to appeal to the performers. In it the participants held their arms above their heads as if they were antlers, and circled slowly about the great red pine tree in the centre of the stage. It was the famous "Deer Dance," which betokens plenty and prosperity for the bride and groom. Following this came the "Snake Dance," which is used by the Ojibways to appease the spirit of evil. As a fitting conclusion to a most extraordinary scene, the barbaric actors gave the "Gambling Dance," which has existed unchanged in the tribe for centuries.

These dances were interesting and unique. Each was in a circle, and in each the movements were the acme of rhythm. The Indians did not lift their feet from the floor, but seemed to move in a sort of undulating motion round and round.

After a scene showing the coming of the missionary—

> Then the black-robe chief, the Prophet,
> Told his message to the people,
> Told the purport of his mission—

came the most striking act of the entire play—the farewell and the departure of Hiawatha. It was now late in the afternoon, and the lower edge of the sun was touching the tips of the fir trees to the west. The light had softened until the little amphitheatre was filled with a semi-gloom. The feathered songsters of the forest were silent, and even Nature seemed to wait expectantly for the final act of the drama. The audience, grown strangely quiet, leaned forward with eyes directed upon Hiawatha.

Presently Hiawatha stepped forth from his associates and announced that the time had arrived when he must leave them. He spoke to them of the long, long journey before him, and of his absence about to begin. Then, paddle in hand, he strode down to his canoe and pushed away from shore along the pathway of the setting sun. The tribe began a dirge-like chant in response to Hiawatha's farewell, which the latter repeated from time to time as his canoe slipped farther over the sun-tipped waves. Finally Hiawatha waved a last adieu, and then, raising his paddle above his head, vanished into the shadows of a little island. The scene was most dramatic, and was a fitting climax to an extraordinary performance.

On the day following the giving of the play, Miss Longfellow and the other descendants of the poet were formally adopted as members of the Ojibway nation. The ceremony was conducted by Kabaoosa, who was educated for a clergyman, and is a fine orator. The ceremony was one that has been handed down among the Ojibways for generations. Each novitiate was given an honored name, danced with the head man in the centre of a chanting circle of Indians, and was then introduced as a full-fledged Ojibway to the individual members of the tribe.

Miss Longfellow was given the name "O-dah-ne-waus-e-no-qua," signifying "Leading Light," or the first flash of lightning preceding a storm. The rest of the party received names equally long and equally impressive. At the conclusion of the ceremony fifty Indians accompanied the Longfellows to the station of Desbarates. The Indians were clothed in their full regalia, buckskin trousers and coats, feathers, belts, and weapons. They sang farewell songs and gave dances to the barbaric clamor of the tom-toms, and as the train pulled out of the station the air was filled with cries in the Ojibway tongue of "Farewell, Longfellows, farewell!"

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WHEN THE DOOR HAD CLOSED UPON HIM, SHE TORE BACK HER HOOD.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE SWORD

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

I.

WHEN two men chance to love the same woman, they seldom love each other.

Don Rafael de Molina and I contented ourselves with mutual scorn, all the more bitter on my part since I was the less favored suitor; all the more lofty and disdainful on his, since his wooing prospered passing well.

There were dark rumors abroad concerning the presence in Paris of this sleek and courtly Spaniard. 'Twas said on every hand, and when he was not by—for he wielded a tolerable rapier—that he was a ruffler of the Court of Spain, who, having fallen upon evil days, had pocketed his pride and taken secret service of a not over honorable character under Anne of Austria.

I took scant interest in the knave until he had the audacity to raise his eyes to Mademoiselle de Navéry. Then, of a sudden, I began to lend an ear to those who styled him a foreign spy. And when I saw him succeed with mademoiselle, where I had all but failed; when I saw the bold glance of unmasked meaning in his dark eyes when he addressed her, and the fatuous, self-complacent smile wherewith he listened to her answers, I felt convinced that what was said of him was true.

I might have picked a quarrel with him, but I had naught to gain by doing so; for, even if I succeeded in killing him, I

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"THIS IS A SAD BUSINESS, MONSIEUR LE BRET," SAID THE OFFICER.

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should have to reckon with the Cardinal, whose edict against duelling was not a thing with which one might make too free.

I might have told his Eminence what title the Spaniard bore; but such a proceeding was too unworthy, and not to be dreamt of by Léon de Bret.

We were in the month of June, and the King was on the eve of leaving Paris for Blois. It was incumbent upon me, as one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, to accompany the Court. I made bold to ask Mademoiselle de Navéry's unnecessary permission, and she answered me, with scant waste of compliments and a pretty toss of her fair head, that it was no affair of hers, and that I must follow my inclinations. Yet, when I told her that to follow my inclinations I must follow her, and that, since she went to Blois in the suite of Anne of Austria, I would accompany the King, she bit her lip and dubbed me *impertinent*. Dubbed *me* impertinent, *pardieu!* for uttering words which would have brought a blush to her delicate cheeks and a smile to her red lips had they been uttered by that graceless De Molina.

It was with a heart full of bitterness that I left the Louvre that night, and turned my steps homeward through the slippery streets, for a misty rain had prevailed since noon, and the mud lay deep upon the ground.

Wrapped in my cloak, and a prey to thoughts that took not a pleasant turn, I trudged moodily along until I reached the colonnade which borders the Place Royale. I was about to pass on, when, chancing to raise my head, my attention was arrested by the sight of two men pacing slowly to and fro in the middle of the square.

Now, as I have said, the night was rainy; moreover, had those two gentlemen, in spite of that, still desired to enjoy an innocent promenade, methought it unlikely that they should choose the precincts of Place Royale to indulge their fancy, saturating their boots and risking a cold by stepping from one pool of water into another.

So I concluded that this was an assignation, and I waited to see another couple arrive, pitying the gentlemen that would have to strip in such weather.

But presently the twain stopped, and from where I stood I could just make out their voices raised in altercation, although I heard not what was said.

Then, of a sudden, they sprang apart. Their cloaks flew from them. There was a familiar rasp, and the white glitter of steel followed by a clash, as, with scarcely a word of warning, those two engaged.

Astonishment and curiosity held me to the pillar against which I leant, and for some moments I watched them as best I could in the uncertain light. I saw the left hand of one of the combatants drop from its upheld position. I watched it running round the waist, then pause, then rise again clutching a short, shining object.

For a moment I marvelled at this, then suddenly I understood, and with a loud cry I dashed forward to prevent what I saw was about to resolve itself into an assassination.

But I had understood too late; for even as I sprang into the square, the victim stretched forward with a lunge. His opponent's sword moved not to the parry, but his left hand shot out, and the dagger it held turned the stroke aside, while simultaneously he bent forward and transfixed his man by a vigorous thrust.

Then, hearing my footsteps, he freed his rapier. Gathering his cloak about him, and lifting it so as to conceal his face, he darted a glance at me from over his shoulder as he turned to run.

"Stop, assassin!" I shouted wildly, as I prepared to give chase. But as I reached the spot of the encounter and cast a sidelong glance at the prostrate figure, something familiar in the outline drew my attention and made me pause.

I turned, and stooping I raised the mud-bespattered head. A pair of eyes, wide open and mutely appealing, looked at me from out of the well-known countenance of Raoul de Navéry, mademoiselle's brother.

Horrified at my discovery, I dropped on to my right knee, and pillowing his head upon my left, I proceeded to examine the

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nature of his hurt. 'Twas as I had expected. The murderer's sword had entered his breast full on the left side, close to the heart. He was bleeding inwardly, and in a few moments would be dead.

I loosened his doublet so that he might breathe with as little pain as possible, and as I did so, I caught a faintly murmured word of thanks.

"Who was it, Ferdinand?" I inquired, taking his hand in mine.

"De Molina," he answered, in a hoarse whisper. "Foul stroke; he used a dagger." A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"I know it, *mon ami*," I answered. "I saw the parry. The dastard shall account to me."

He smiled feebly.

"Thanks, dear friend," he said. Then, after a pause: "Bend lower, Léon," he murmured; and, as I obeyed, I faintly caught from the dying lips: "He is a spy in the pay of the Queen Mother. There is a plot to poison the Cardinal. Warn him. Take care of my sister, she is——"

He stopped abruptly, and a shudder convulsed his body for a moment; then, with a long-drawn sigh, he became still.

I was at length aroused by the tramp of feet and the jangle of accoutrements, and presently saw a body of men approaching across the square.

At a glance I recognized the uniforms of Richelieu's guards. Some one carried a lantern swinging on a pike, and, by the scant rays it shed, I discerned with glad astonishment—for I imagined that he was under arrest—the swart face and pointed beard of Rafael de Molina.

But even as I looked his arm went up and his finger pointed towards me, whilst in his soft southern accent came the words:

"*Tenez*, Monsieur de Bret is still there."

The next moment, and before I could grasp the situation, I was confronted by an officer and six troopers, and in their wake a morbid, curious crowd of all grades from courtiers to mendicants, which rapidly encircled us, and well-nigh drove me frantic with its babbling.

Molina stood beside the officer, and surveyed me with a glance of malicious triumph which I was puzzled to understand.

"This is a sad business, Monsieur de Bret," said the officer, with an ominous shake of the head, as, stooping, he put his hand to poor De Navéry's heart. "Dead," he muttered. "Worse and worse; and so irregular. No seconds. I am afraid it will fare badly with you, monsieur."

A light began to break upon my mind.

"*Diable!*" I ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

He drew himself up, and his foot struck against my sword. I had drawn it when I sprang to De Navéry's rescue, and I had heedlessly dropped it when I stooped to tend the fallen man.

"There is a witness, Monsieur de Bret," the officer answered respectfully, but firmly. "This gentleman," he continued, indicating De Molina with his thumb, "saw you fight and recognized you—unfortunately when it was too late. Did you not, monsieur?"

"I did," the Spaniard answered slowly, "and I ran to summon you."

"*Ventre St. Gris!*" I cried, springing to my feet and facing them, "this is preposterous!"

"I am afraid that it is not," answered the officer coldly. "I must trouble you for your sword."

For the moment the thought of opposing him and giving my version of the story occurred to me. Then, realizing how futile this would prove, and that I might but flounder deeper into the quagmire wherein I stood already, I resolved to keep my narrative for the Cardinal's ear and to deliver it along with De Navéry's message. Richelieu knew me and held me in some esteem. I might rely upon his justice.

With a proud glance at De Molina I lifted the baldric unconsciously over my head, nor did I understand the officer's puzzled stare until I saw that from it hung an empty scabbard.

The officer looked about him, whilst the swelling crowd set up a curious murmur, and some callous ones laughed, even

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in the presence of the dead, at my embarrassment.

Then noting that De Navéry's sword lay under him, the officer stooped, and lifting my naked rapier from the ground returned it to its sheath.

"The evidence is complete," he muttered, and again he shook his head. "Monsieur de Bret, I pity you. 'Tis a hanging matter."

He turned his back abruptly upon me, and bidding two men take up the corpse, ordered the others to surround me.

"Way there! Make way!" cried the guards that preceded me, and with the butt-end of their pikes they persuaded the crowd to let us through.

II.

Ventre St. Gris, but my position was an unenviable one! And as I sat ruminating in the dark upon my prison bed I realized it to the full. The news would be all over Paris by then that Léon de Bret had killed a man in the Place Royale.

The King would know and the Cardinal would know—which troubled me but little—and Renée de Navéry would know, which troubled me overmuch.

What would she think? Had the Spaniard carried the news to her, and had he, perchance—since he accused me of killing the man whom he had killed—also accused me of his full crime? Would he dare to say that I had struck a foul blow, and that I had not merely killed Raoul de Navéry, but *murdered* him?

The grating of a key in the door interrupted my miserable thoughts and reminded me of supper.

I turned to greet my jailer with an oath for having kept me waiting thus long, when, to my surprise, a cloaked and hooded figure entered the dismal chamber, and I heard a woman's voice, which I recognized in a moment and which set my nerves a-tingling with excitement.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Capitaine," she said; "you may leave us."

Quéniart, the officer in command of the châtelet, set down the lantern upon the dirty deal table and bowed respectfully.

"For five minutes the order says, madame," he murmured, bowing, whilst I watched him in a dull fashion, wondering what she had come to say, and what new torture Heaven willed me to endure.

At length, when the door had closed upon him, she tore back her hood, and, removing her mask, showed me a face white and drawn with pain, and a pair of eyes red from weeping.

"Monsieur de Bret," she said in trembling accents, "what does it mean?"

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I started, for in her voice I detected the old ring of the days—before that accursed Spaniard came between us—when she had not been so sparing in her favors. I was bewildered, and justly might I have asked her the very question that she put to me.

"What does it mean, Monsieur de Bret?" she repeated.

"What does all Paris say?" I asked at length.

"That you have killed my brother," she answered brokenly.

"And you—you believe it?"

"Believe it?" she echoed in amazement. "Do I believe it? Should I be here if I did?"

"Thank God!" I cried fervently.

"But you were there, Monsieur de Bret, when he died. Do you know who killed him?"

"He told me," I answered. "It was——"

"Molina," she cried. "Ah, you see I know. Am I not right?"

"You are, indeed," I said, marvelling from what source she had derived her information.

"Aye, 'tis as I thought. Oh, why did not Raoul heed my warning? I told him so often that Molina was a spy of the Queen's, and that naught would deter him from ridding himself of such an opponent as Raoul might become if he were able to prove what was being whispered everywhere, for Raoul was a Cardinalist. But as God lives, I will avenge my brother," she ended passionately. "This Spanish hound shall not live to see to-morrow dawn."

"Hush, child," I cried. "'Tis not for frail women to talk of vengeance."

"But I have no one in the world, Monsieur de Bret," she wailed, "and Raoul has no one but me to look to for justice."

"Since when has Léon de Bret ceased to be counted among your friends—yours and your poor brother's? Moreover, mademoiselle, Raoul entrusted me with a secret before he died, and with a mission which I shall fulfil to-morrow. Then others shall reckon with Rafael de Molina, and if he escapes the wheel I do not know Monseigneur de Richelieu."

"But you, dear friend!" she cried. "Oh, I had forgotten your position! Forgive my selfishness. I am distraught with grief at what has happened. You are a prisoner."

"True," I muttered, "but I shall have something to say to-morrow to Monseigneur de Richelieu. If only I could prove my own innocence conclusively—" I paused abruptly as a thought occurred to me.

"I have it!" I cried presently. "*Ma vie*, but you may count upon me. I shall be freed to-morrow."

We were interrupted by a knock, and she was forced to say farewell.

As I led her to the door, after she had readjusted her mask, "Do nothing, mademoiselle, until you hear from me," I whispered. "Your brother will be avenged."

There was more that I might have said, but her grief commanded respect and circumspection, and so I contented myself with kissing her hand and cutting short her grateful words by throwing wide the door.

When she was gone I found that I had much to think of and ponder over. I had said that her brother would be avenged, and it was incumbent upon me to discover a manner wherein my promise might be fulfilled.

But I could not do it. I tried a score of times to drive my thoughts into such a channel. Unconsciously they would drift back again to Renée de Navéry, and again I would see the flash in her eyes; again I would hear her call Molina a Spanish hound. . . .

And in the dark I rubbed my hands softly together and chuckled gleefully to myself—for love is a monstrous selfish thing—remembering only that none stood between Renée and me, and gloating fiendishly over the discovery that she had but feigned a preference for Molina in order to unmask a traitor, and to defend her brother from the danger by which she rightly fancied him assailed.

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I was ever sanguine, and the dawn of hope which brightened the blackness of my cell was rosy and full of promise.

She had found me gloomy, sullen, and despondent; ready for the airy death-dance of Montfaucon. She had left me elated, joyful, and confident that to-morrow would restore me my liberty, my sword, and the right to woo her.

'Twas a pleasant enough dream, and it abided with me until I fell asleep.

Morning found me cheerful and much refreshed in spirit, but famished in body, for those sons of dogs who kept the châtelet had left me supperless.

I was beginning to fear that the Quéniart had made too sure that I should be hanged, and with a saintly solicitude for the welfare of my soul had deemed it best that I should fast a while in preparation.

But in the end my breakfast came. A scanty one, 'tis true; half a tough capon —from which soup had been boiled for every other inmate of the prison before it was roasted—and a *demi-litre* of wine which was first cousin to vinegar. Still I partook of it. And if it did not give me strength, at least it duped my hunger for the while, and paved the way for a hearty meal which I hoped to reckon with anon.

Scarce had I finished when Quéniart returned, and after a hasty toilet I announced myself ready to accompany him to the Hôtel Richelieu.

A coach was hired at my expense, for Quéniart was too well known in Paris to render it pleasant for a gentleman to walk swordless beside him.

"Hi, Master Quéniart," I exclaimed as we were leaving, "will you be good enough to bring my sword? I am indeed mistaken if his Eminence does not order it to be returned to me within the hour."

The captain's eyebrows were lifted in surprise.

"You are sanguine, monsieur," he ejaculated. Then bending his head, "It may serve as evidence," he said.

"And what of that?" I cried.

"There is blood upon it."

I started despite myself at the unwelcome news.

"When did you see the blade?" I inquired sharply.

"Last night when it was handed to me by the officer who arrested you."

He spoke the truth, I knew, and so I concluded that the blade must have received its stains while lying on the ground beside the wounded man. I pondered for a moment, then lifting my eyes to his face:

"Bring the sword," I said decidedly. "What signifies a little blood when there is one who swears he saw me slay the man, and a score who saw me with the body in my arms before it had gone cold?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and turned to do my bidding, although he tired not of telling me how mad I was until we stood in the presence of the Cardinal.

"DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU DID NOT KILL M. DE NAVÉRY?" HE INQUIRED SLOWLY.

Never was an audience granted me with such despatch. Scarcely had we been announced when the crimson portière which masked the door of Richelieu's cabinet was lifted by an usher, and—

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"His Eminence will see Monsieur de Bret immediately," he cried.

Quéniart's great fingers closed over my hand.

"Good luck," he whispered.

I pushed my way through the idle crowd of clients, and the next moment I stood in the Cardinal's presence, and face to face with Don Rafael de Molina.

Richelieu, who was seated at his writing-table, raised his head as I entered, and darted a quick glance at me.

"Monsieur de Bret," said he, "I am sorely disappointed in you. What have you to say?"

"That your Eminence has been misinformed," I answered stoutly.

He perked his head on one side, and studied me attentively through eyes that wore a sleepy look—an infallible sign that he was wide awake.

"Do you mean that you did not kill Monsieur de Navéry?" he inquired slowly.

"I did not, Monseigneur."

Richelieu turned to Molina, and the words he spoke made my heart bound within me.

"I know Monsieur de Bret for a man of honor," he said quietly, "and in the face of your accusation, I looked for an excuse from him for having broken the edict, but never for a denial such as you have heard."

A deprecatory smile, full of significance and venom, swept over the foreigner's swart countenance.

"However," continued the Cardinal, "let us hear what Monsieur de Bret may have to say. Perchance it would puzzle him to satisfactorily explain how he came to be found in so compromising a position by the guard."

Briefly I told him what I have set down here concerning it, suppressing, however, the facts that a dagger had been employed, and that in the man who returned with the guard I had recognized the perpetrator of the deed. I also omitted, for reasons of my own, Navéry's dying message.

When I had done, the Cardinal, whose eyes had been rivetted on my face whilst I spoke, turned again to Molina.

"Are you certain that it was Monsieur de Bret whom you saw?" he inquired, with marked coldness.

"*Por Dios y la Virgen!*" cried the Spaniard, forgetting in whose presence he stood, "have I not said so? Think you I should accuse a man unless I were positive? Moreover, since my word appears to be insufficient, was not his sword found drawn?"

"True," mused the Cardinal, looking at me again. "Still, Monsieur de Bret has satisfactorily explained that he drew it to rush to the assistance of Monsieur de Navéry."

"Has your Eminence forgotten that there is blood upon his sword?" exclaimed Molina with a sneer.

The Cardinal frowned, perchance at the Spaniard's tone, perchance at the fresh piece of evidence.

"There is more upon my sword than you will relish, Monsieur l'Etranger," I cried hotly, whereat his Eminence looked pleased, and the foreigner changed color slightly, for he could not tell how much was known to me of the encounter.

"I dropped my sword," I continued, "when I raised Navéry from the ground, and the blood that flowed from his wound must have stained it where it lay. But we are wasting words. Since my sword has been mentioned as evidence, let it be produced. At my request Captain Quéniart has brought it with him. He waits now in the ante-chamber. If your Eminence will order it to be brought in, I imagine it will tell us something that will surprise Monsieur de Molina."

The Cardinal raised his eyebrows, and glanced from one to the other of us. Then, without a word, he touched a small hand-bell.

"Call Captain Quéniart," he said to the lackey who answered the summons.

A moment later the burly soldier appeared.

"Now, Monseigneur," I said, taking the weapon, which, at a sign from the Cardinal, Quéniart surrendered to me,

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"your Eminence has wielded a rapier yourself if Fame speak truly, and you are well acquainted with the points and virtues of the weapon."

He smiled, evidently pleased by the memories I had aroused in his priestly heart.

"It was my good fortune," I went on, "to take this sword to an armorer's a week ago, so that a new blade might be fitted to it. Will your Eminence be good enough to look closely at the edge, and see what it has to say concerning last night's doings."

I drew the sword as I spoke, and I now presented the hilt to Richelieu.

He took it from me with a puzzled air, while Molina and Quéniart, actuated by different feelings, went nearer than deference ordained.

Richelieu looked at the blade, then, with a slight exclamation, he rose and walked over to the window.

The sun shone through the leaded panes and fell upon the steel, which glittered brightly save here and there where a shiny patch of reddish brown had deadened its lustre. For some moments he examined it attentively, then, turning, he bent his dark, penetrating eye upon the Spaniard.

"You have been over-zealous in the cause of justice, Monsieur de Molina," he said coldly. "This sword has not been used since this blade was fitted to it."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet Molina could not have been more taken aback. He turned pale to the lips, and darted a furious glance at the Cardinal. There was a moment's silence, then Richelieu spoke:

"Monsieur de Bret, you are released. Quéniart, we must look elsewhere for the culprit; you may go. Monsieur de Molina, you also may retire."

"Might I suggest that Monsieur de Molina should submit his rapier to a like examination," I ventured to remark.

The Spaniard drew himself up stiffly.

"We do not carry swords for ornament in Spain," he answered proudly, "as I shall be happy to prove to you if you have reason to doubt the fact."

Then, before I had time to reply:

"There may be dints upon the edge. Does your Eminence desire to see them?"

"It would be useless," the Cardinal answered carelessly. "You may go."

III.

When we were alone I gave the Cardinal the fullest details of what I knew.

"I half suspected it was thus," he said when I had finished. "And he used a dagger, you say. The dastard! But what am I to do? He has killed Navéry, of that I am assured. He may be plotting against my life, that also I do not doubt. But what proofs can I offer the Court of Spain? He is a spy of the Queen's, and that makes it more dangerous still. I would consign him to the wheel if I dared, but—" He paused, frowned, and lapsed into thought.

"If, peradventure, Monsieur de Molina were to involve himself one of these evenings in a brawl, and receive a thrust in the windpipe or in low *quarte*, methinks your Eminence's riddle would be well solved, and Raoul de Navéry most fitly avenged."

"True," he mused, "'twould be a great blessing."

"But an unlikely one while the edict is so strictly observed."

His glittering eye rested upon me for a moment. Then he laughed.

"I understand," he said. "Well, if you know of any one inclined to avenge De Navéry, and to save me from poisoning, the edict shall be forgotten for once."

I thanked him, and told him that I thought I knew of such a man, whereupon he dismissed me with his blessing.

"You are a tolerable swordsman, I know," he said, as I took up my hat, "and I have every confidence in your skill. But what if he use a dagger again?"

"I trust he will, Monseigneur," I answered; "I am reckoning upon it."

From the Hôtel Richelieu I wended my way towards the house of my late friend, De Navéry. Renée welcomed me with a glad cry and a smile which lighted up

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the sorrowful darkness of her countenance. I did but remain until I had told her what had taken place, and what was likely to follow, then, leaving her, I went to dine, grim memories haunting me of my last repast.

To take Molina at his word, and ask him to prove to me that they did not carry swords for ornament in Spain, would have meant a duel—a duel with seconds, wherein he would have been compelled to follow the rules of honorable play. That I could have killed him under such circumstances I did not for a moment doubt. But it would be too easy an end for him. To let him feel himself mastered; to compel him to have recourse to that assassin's trick of his, and then, when he imagined himself triumphant, to beat him with his own cards, that would be something like revenge. And for that a brawl was needed.

Towards nightfall, therefore, I repaired to the "Green Pillar," in the Rue St. Honoré, which I knew he frequented. The gods were with me, for I found him there at play with half a dozen others.

I seated myself apart, unnoticed, and awaited an opportunity.

Presently it came.

"Come, host, another bottle of Armagnac. And let it be of the best, rascal, for we will drink to Don Rafael de Molina's safe journey home."

This was news that caused me no great astonishment.

"Does Monsieur de Molina contemplate leaving Paris?" I inquired, turning towards the party. "I am not surprised, for such an interview as he had this morning with the Cardinal is apt to make one's liver pale. I am glad to learn it in time, however; for I should have been deeply grieved had he left us without learning the opinion which I have had an opportunity of forming of this worthy gentleman, and which I imagine will be shared by all honorable men when the truth is known."

I had risen and stood facing the Spaniard, and giving him back scowl for scowl.

"You mean?" he inquired in a voice of suppressed wrath.

"That you are a liar and a murderer, Monsieur l'Espagnol," I answered coolly, "and that Monsieur de Navéry met his death at your hands."

A charming scene of confusion followed, as with a vigorous, "*Madre de Dios!*" the Spaniard kicked aside his chair.

"Outside, monsieur!" I shouted, pointing to the door, and making myself heard above the din. "*Sortons!*"

And then, with many an oath and angry word, we burst through the door *pêle-mêle* into the courtyard beyond.

We fought as we stood, in hats and cloaks. There were no formalities. De Molina was in too great a hurry, and I guessed his reason.

For a good five minutes I played the fellow in the uncertain light of a couple of lanterns, and showed him that I was his master, yet forebore to press him too hard; but waited, with my eyes keeping good watch over his left hand.

At last it came. The onlookers stood ranged against the wall to the right. Away from these Molina led me; retreating under my attack, and I following as if his designs were unknown to me. At last the other side of the quadrangle was reached, and in the shadow that enveloped us he thought himself safe from detection.

His left hand dropped as on the previous night, but I saw not the glitter I looked for, and yet I knew that he had drawn his dagger. But there were many eyes upon him, and even in the darkness a lack of caution might betray his motive. He must be wary lest they should interrupt the fight in the very moment of his victory. Possibly he did not care whether he was discovered or not, if only he had time to kill me before the interruption came.

I pressed him hard, and whilst I did so I loosened the fastenings of my cloak with my other hand as though I desired to cast the garment from me. Then I feinted, and lunged under his guard. My sword was within an inch of his breast when his poniard met it, and sent it past him. Simultaneously he offered me his point, a triumphant leer upon his face.

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But he had reckoned without my knowledge of his ways. I had dragged the loosened cloak from my back, and held it on my arm. With a sweep of it, I dashed his blade aside.

I saw the look of terror come into his upturned face. I heard the cry of horror which burst from the onlookers. Before they could interfere, however, Don Rafael de Molina lay writhing in the throes of death.

So cautious had he been that not one of those who stood there so much as suspected his foul play, and when they saw him fall 'neath my murderous stroke, a dozen swords leapt from their scabbards, and with angry cries of "Shame!" and "Murder!" they flung themselves upon me.

But when I shouted to them to look at his left hand they paused to do my bidding. And when they saw the dagger which was grasped by the nerveless fingers of the dead, they sheathed their swords and hushed their angry cries; whilst when I told them that 'twas thus that De Molina had killed De Navéry, there were some amongst them who spat upon the corpse.

Half an hour later I stood swordless, and under arrest, in the guardroom of the châtelet, awaiting the officer. When Quéniart entered and beheld me, he rubbed his eyes and spluttered out an oath.

"What, *again!*" he ejaculated. "*Ventre St. Gris*, Monsieur de Bret, but you are like to hang this time, whether the edge of your sword be battered or not."

Nevertheless, it came not to pass as he predicted, for next day I was liberated, and I knelt in Nôtre Dame at the requiem mass for Raoul de Navéry.

The season was not propitious for the advancement of my suit, and so I determined to accompany the Court to Blois next day, and leave my wooing until I should return, when perchance Renée's grief might have abated.

I paid her a visit that evening, and she received me kindly, and overwhelmed me with words of praise and gratitude, until I felt myself as great an historical personage as Bayard or Du Guesclin. But when I came to say farewell she looked surprised.

"You are going to Blois?" she said.

"Yes, mademoiselle; I accompany the Court."

"You craved my permission three days ago," she murmured, studying the pattern of the carpet with great intentness, "and I cannot remember granting it."

My heart beat fast and furiously.

"Will you grant it now?" I inquired.

"No, monsieur," she said, lifting her eyes to mine, "I will not. I cannot spare you."

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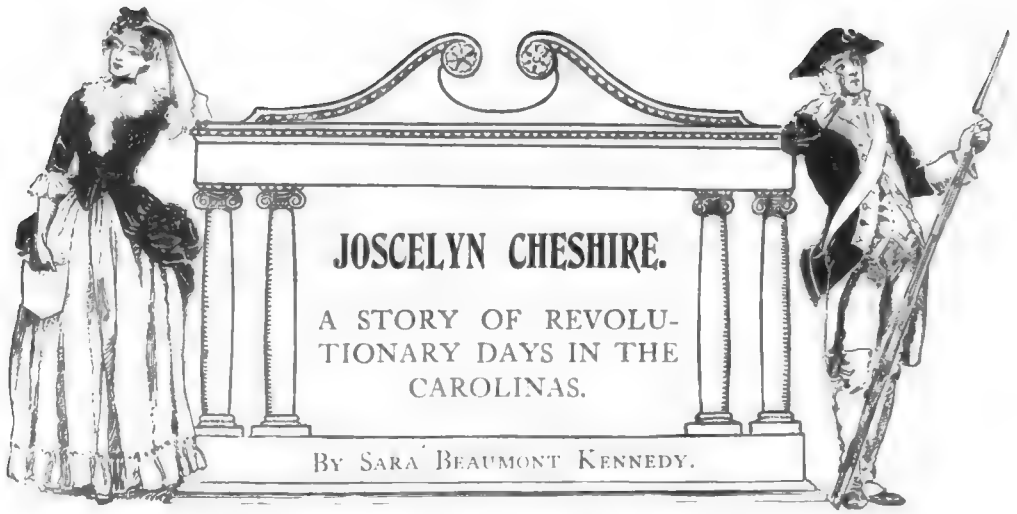

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Richard Clevering is a young Continental soldier who has donned the "buff and blue" to the admiration of a group of relatives and friends—his mother, his sister Betty, and her friends, Patience Ruffin, Dorothy Graham, and Janet Cameron. But Joscelyn Cheshire is a rank Tory, and as soon as the group scatters and leaves her alone with Richard, she contemptuously snubs his efforts at love-making and roundly calls him a traitor. Joscelyn's mother, a widow, had moved to Hillsboro' town to be near her brother-in-law, James Clevering, father of Richard. Joscelyn's father, who had died just before the battle of Lexington, left to his daughter much of his loyalty to the King and all of his high spirit. Thus, Richard, marching afield for the first time, is compelled to leave Hillsboro' town without a kind word from the girl he loves. But he sends back many letters to her, while on the march, which she not only refuses to answer, but actually makes matter of ridicule among the townfolk. Then comes the news of James Clevering's death in a charge with Sumter, and Eustace Singleton, who, with his sister Mary, is a stanch Royalist, starts for the front, carrying with him a certain promise made by Betty Clevering.

In the meanwhile, Richard had joined the army at Valley Forge and was now sharing in all the horrors of that winter encampment, while Howe was feasting and dancing nearby in Philadelphia. One day a Virginian, named Dunn, proposes to Richard that they take advantage of the fête and attempt to enter the city indisguise. They succeed so well that Richard, in the military rain-coat of one Barry, gains an interview with Mary Singleton's beautiful cousin, Ellen, fiancée of Major Grant, one of Howe's aides. From Ellen Singleton he learns that the British are about to move against the American army. After a narrow escape, he and Dunn bring the news to Lafayette, who thereupon alters his plans, recrosses the Schuylkill, and joins Washington at Valley Forge. Clinton, who has superseded Howe in command of the army at Philadelphia, is by this time on the march towards New York, with the Americans hanging on his flank, eager to revenge the cruel suffering at Valley Forge. With Monmouth Day arrives the opportunity, shadowed, alas! with the heart-sickening treachery of Lee! It is Richard's first and, for a long time, last battle; for, through his impetuous daring, he has been carried away with the retreating British. Among the prisoners he recognizes little Billy Bryce, of his own town, and these two plan an escape, successful in Billy's case, but Richard is still forced on towards Sandy Hook, where in the offing lay the British fleet, ready to convey Clinton's exhausted army to New York. But Richard, who has made friends with one of his captors, Colborn, learns from this man that many of the prisoners are to be lodged in the dreaded prison-ship out in the river, and among these Richard finds himself included. In the meanwhile the pride of Hillsboro' town droops for the lack of male society.

CHAPTER XII.

A MESSAGE OUT OF THE NORTH.

"I love thee, and I feel
That in the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee." —Shelley.

"It's all very well for our husbands and sons to be away fighting for their country—I'd horsewhip one of mine who sneaked at home—but for all that this manless state of the town is a terrible test to the tidiness and the tempers of the womenfolk," said Mistress Strudwick, as she sat on her porch with some chosen cronies, and watched the young girls of the town promenading in the aftermath of the July sunset with never a cavalier among them. "Look at Lucinda Hardy, she's as cross as a patch; and yonder is Janet Cameron who has not curled her hair for a week, just mops it up any way since there are no men to see it."

"And there's 'Liza Jones without her stays," said Mistress Clevering.

"Yes, and looking for all the world like a comfortable pillow that has just been shaken up; but if there was a man under threescore in seeing distance, she'd

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be as trim as you please," replied Mistress Strudwick. "Heigh-ho, what a slipshod world this would be if there were nobody but women in it!"

"And what a topsy-turvy place 'twould be with only men. Nobody'd ever know where anything was," said quiet Mistress Cheshire, with poignant recollections of striving to keep up with the belongings of two husbands. "Depend upon it, Martha Strudwick, the world would be a deal the worse off without women than without men, for men never can find anything."

"Well," said Martha Strudwick thoughtfully, "that depends on what kind of things you mean. Now there's my husband—and he's a good man, good as common—he can find a fish-hook in the dark if it's good biting season; but he can't see the long-handled hoe in the broad daylight if it's weeding time in the garden and the sun is hot. Finding things depends more on a man's mind than his eyes."

"Then there's a heap of them who lose their minds mighty handy," retorted Ann Clevering.

Mistress Cheshire pushed back her chair: "I shall run home and caution Dilsy about putting the bread to rise; she's that unseeing that I think Providence must have first meant her to be a man." Which was as near a joke as anything Mistress Cheshire ever said. As she trotted away the others looked after her affectionately.

"Mary is such a mild-mannered woman," said Ann Clevering; "many's the time I've heard her first husband—dead and gone these twenty-three years—say it was an accident little short of a miracle how Providence could make a woman with so little tongue."

"Joscelyn, with her goings-on, must be a dreadful trial to her," sighed Amanda Bryce.

"And not only to her mother, but to the whole town," snapped another woman.

"Hoity-toity!" bristled Mistress Strudwick, "what's the matter with Joscelyn? She is the very life of the place now that the men are gone. If 'twere not for discussing her, and abusing her"—with a withering glance at the last speaker—"we should go tongue-tied for lack of somewhat to talk about. She's a tonic for us all, and without her we'd be going to sleep."

"Sleep is a good thing," sniffed Amanda Bryce.

"Aye," retorted Mistress Strudwick, "when you are tucked in bed and the lights are out, it is; but not when you are standing up flat-footed with baking and brewing and weaving and such things to look after. Joscelyn's all right, Tory though she be. Look at her now with all those red roses stuck around her belt; she's the finest sight on the street."

"Fine enough to look at, I'm not gainsaying you; what I object to is hearing her when she talks about our war."

"Well, Amanda, if our swords were all as sharp as her tongue can be, the war would soon be over."

"You always were partial to the lass, Martha."

"Aye, I often told Richard Clevering I'd be his rival were I a man, old or young; and truly I believe Joscelyn would look with more favor upon me of the two," laughed the corpulent dame, remembering the soft little touches with which the girl sometimes tidied up her gray hair and unruly neckerchief, and the caress upon her cheek that always closed the job.

"I wonder you can take up so for her, Martha, when all your menfolk are in the Continental army, and she a rank Tory."

"Oh, I can forgive a woman her politics, because, like a man's religion, it's apt to be picked up second-hand and liable to change any time."

"Don't you believe men have any true religion?"

"Well, y-e-s; if the rain comes in season, and the crops are good, and the cattle don't break into the corn, and their victuals are well cooked, they are apt to be middling religious."

"Remember you have a husband of your own."

"Yes, praise God, I have, and a good man he is, too; but when the dam in the levee breaks, or the cows get the hollow-

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horn, he's that rearing, tearing put out that he couldn't say off-hand whether predestination or general salvation was the true doctrine; but the time never comes when he's too mad or too worried to know he's a Whig, every hair of him. That is what makes me say religion is a picked-up habit with men and politics is their nature. With a woman it's the other way; so I laugh at Joscelyn's politics, and kiss her bonny face and love her all the time."

"That is more than I can do. If it were not for her mother I should forbid my daughter to have aught to do with her," said Amanda Bryce, sniffily, as Joscelyn passed the gate with Betty Clevering and Janet Cameron, and called up a pleasant good-afternoon to the elder women.

"Well, your girl and not Joscelyn would be the loser thereby," retorted Martha Strudwick, regardless of the fact that she was in her own house; and there would doubtless have been sharp words had not Mistress Clevering interposed with some gentle remonstrance.

A little later the whole party of young people began to move toward the tavern, for it was the day the post was due, if by good fortune it had escaped the marauders and highwaymen who, in the assumed name of war, infested the roads. Always there was a crowd about the tavern on Thursday afternoons, in hopes that news of the fighting and of friends would be forthcoming. This particular day they were not disappointed, for the women on the porch, looking up the street, presently saw that something unusual was to pay, and forgetful of bonnets or caps, they hastened to learn what it was. The post-bag, with its slender store, lay neglected on the table, for the crowd had gathered eagerly about some one on the steps, and exclamations and questions filled the air.

"What is it?" demanded Mistress Strudwick, breathless from her haste, and the crowd divided and showed a lad, pale and worn, sitting on the steps.

"Billy, my Billy!" shrieked Amanda Bryce, and passing the other women, she caught him in her arms and hugged him frantically. For a few moments no one spoke or interfered, but after the dame had kissed every square inch of his face, and had felt his head, shoulders, and arms for fractures, Martha Strudwick interposed.

"Come, Billy, tell us where you come from and what news you bring from the front? Has there been a fight, boy?"

"Aye, and a victory for us."

"A victory? Hurrah! When? Where? Talk quick," cried a dozen voices shrill with their eagerness.

"At Monmouth town in Jersey. 'Twas there we overtook Clinton as he made for New York."

"We have already had rumors of it. And you did fight him and put him to rout? Who fell, and who was wounded? Can't you talk faster?"

"Truly we did fight when we got the chance, though Lee—the foul fiends take him!—tried hard not to let us. It was the hottest day I ever felt. The sand and dust——"

"Never mind about the sand and dust; tell us of the battle."

And so by piecemeal, with many a question and interruption, he told them the story of that remarkable battle and his own capture.

"And who was taken with you?"

"Master Peter Ruffin, Amos Andrews, and Richard Clevering, from our company, and some threescore more whom I knew not."

But only a few heard the last clause of his sentence, for among the women were relatives and friends of each of the men mentioned, and there were sobs and moans for the fate of their loved ones. So great was the abhorrence in which British prisons were held, that death seemed almost preferable. Then presently Betty Clevering cried shrilly:

"And if you were captured, how comes it you are here?"

"I escaped."

"And how many escaped with you?"

"None—none; not even Richard."

Mistress Ruffin took him sharply by the arm. "Do you mean to say that a strip of a lad like you had sense enough to get

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away, and grown men were held? That's a pretty tale!"

And then with stifled sobs he told of Richard's sacrifice and his own getting away.

"For an hour I waited there in the grass, hoping for him to come; and when I dared stay no longer I crept to the hillside and hid in a little cave, from which I watched the army in the distance take up its march next day. I started once to go back and die with Richard in prison, but——"

"Talk not so, my son; 'twould have killed me and done Richard no good," cried his mother, caressing his curly head against her shoulder. "Richard did not want you back—God bless him for a generous lad."

"No," sobbed the lad, "he is so noble, so good; and I let him go back, let him sacrifice himself for me, for had I but slept on he would have gotten away."

All this while Mistress Clevering had not spoken; now she lifted her head, and no mother of Sparta ever looked more proud or more resigned.

"Yes, you were right to come away; he gave you your freedom at the cost of his own, and it would have grieved him had you returned and made the sacrifice useless. 'Tis a beautiful thing to be the mother of a son like that. I am content." And Martha Strudwick leaned over and kissed her softly.

"And how fared it with you when the British had marched away?" asked his mother of Billy.

"I reached the coast and followed it for two days, when I came to a village whence a trading vessel was going to try and smuggle its cargo to the south. The captain took me on, and after ten days I was put ashore near New Berne town, from which place I have made my way home, travelling with the post these two days."

"You have not then been back to the army?"

"No, but I shall start to-morrow, now that I have seen you, mother, and when I have given Richard's messages to Mistress Clevering and——"

He stopped, but his glance had travelled to Joscelyn standing at the edge of the crowd, and Janet Cameron laughed.

"What said my boy? Out with it," cried Mistress Clevering eagerly.

"He did send you his dear love, even as he was to bring mine to mother had I been the one left behind. I would I could tell you how reverent and tender his voice was when he spoke your name."

The Spartan in the woman broke down and the mother prevailed. "My son, my dear son, did God give you in answer to my prayers only to take you away like this? What may he not be suffering at this very moment, and I who have watched him from his cradle powerless to help him? Oh, but war is a cruel thing! My son, my son!"

Betty and Mistress Cheshire led her away weeping, and for a few minutes silence held the women as they looked away to the north and thought of the strife enacting and the pain being endured there for liberty. And besides those carried away into captivity, how many others—perhaps their own nearest and dearest—had been left on the battle-field?

"See," cried Amanda Bryce, turning fiercely upon Joscelyn, whose eyes, full of a misty tenderness, were following Aunt Clevering down the street—"see what you miserable Tories are doing to us, your neighbors! Shame upon you, I say; shame upon you!"

"Aye, shame upon you!" cried several voices, and faces scowled and a few fists were clenched. The amazed girl cowered back.

"Pull those red roses out of her belt; we want no Tory colors here!" cried Amanda Bryce; and two or three hands reached toward the knot of scarlet blossoms. But Joscelyn, her eyes beginning to kindle, stepped back and raised her own hand warningly.

"Do not touch me! Yes, I am a Tory, as you are pleased to call us, and I am not ashamed that the king's army hath been preserved from destruction; but

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I am sorry, very sorry your friends and kindred are to suffer—though perhaps some punishment is necessary to rebels."

Mistress Strudwick started to the girl's side, but little Billy Bryce was before her.

"Who touches Joscelyn must first pass me!" he cried to the angry women. "Mother, be silent! What share could a girl like this have in our capture; and what matters a few men taken when the victory was ours?"

"Yes, praise God, we thrashed the miserable cowards of redcoats as they deserved."

"A great thrashing 'twas when they lost not a wagon of their train, and took more prisoners than Washington," Joscelyn answered tartly.

A dozen voices answered her angrily, and she opened her lips to reply, but Mistress Strudwick clapped her broad palm over the girl's mouth.

"Hold your saucy tongue, Joscelyn; and, you girls, there, be silent this minute. What, is the war to ruin the manners of our women that they can descend so low as to brawl in the public streets? Shame upon you, every one! What hath come of your senses that you thus demean yourselves and belittle the raising your elders gave you?"

The reproof had the desired effect, for the girl stood silent and abashed, and her angry assailants drew back. Taking advantage of the lull, Mistress Strudwick seized Joscelyn by the arm and almost forcibly drew her away.

"Begone to your home, and bide there till you learn some sense," she cried sharply. "What's the use in butting your brains out against a wall when there's room enough to go around it? There is no fool like a self-made fool! Go." But when the girl had gone a few steps she made her return. "Promise me truly," she whispered, "that you'll go straight home and stay until the fire you kindled here burns down a bit—promise you will not stir from the house, or I shall not sleep to-night."

"I promise, dear Mistress Strudwick," Joscelyn said, kissing the big hand that patted her cheek. "You heard me say I was sorry our townsfolk were taken, and so I am."

"Yes, yes. Harkee, tell your mother I say to be sure and send Amanda Bryce a loaf of hot bread for supper—Billy will be hungry with running so far from Monmouth," she said, with a meaning wink. In truth she intended the hot bread as a peace-offering to Mistress Bryce, for it was by such small acts of quiet diplomacy that she kept down the enmity against the Cheshires, or rather against Joscelyn, since she it was who roused the resentment.

Slowly the girl went down the street thinking of the scene just passed. Mistress Strudwick was right: it was a disgrace for women to brawl thus upon the public thoroughfares; never again would she let her temper get the better of her in this way—only they should not touch her. And already half-forgetful of her resolution she mounted her steps with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks.

Presently lights began to glimmer through the dusk, and when the dark really came every house in the town showed a candle in its window in token of the advantage won at Monmouth, for since Washington held the field they deemed him victorious. Even in those houses where grief had entered the light shone, for true patriotism is never selfish. Only the Cheshire windows were dark, so that the house made a blot in the street. Mistress Cheshire had gone to the Cleverings to condole with them over Richard; but Joscelyn, because of her promise to Mistress Strudwick, had bided at home, though she would much have loved to comfort Betty. From porch to porch the women called to each other, and some of the girls sang snatches of song here and there, like mocking-birds hid in the shadows. But Joscelyn sat at her upper window, silent and musing, thinking what a beautiful thing Richard Clevering had done, to let the little lad go free while he himself went back to captivity. Suddenly a voice below her whispered:

"Hist! Joscelyn, Joscelyn!"

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She leaned over the window-sill. "Who is it?"

"It is I—Billy Bryce. I have only a minute, for mother must not know I came, but I have a message for you."

"From whom comes it, Billy?"

"From Richard. Come quickly."

She ran lightly down to the veranda and leaned over the railing to the boy in the shadow. He took her hands eagerly in his.

"He loves you, Joscelyn!"

She did not answer. He was too earnest for a jest, so she only pressed his hand and waited.

"He is so noble, so generous, Joscelyn; even among us younger boys he never did a mean thing, and there's not a man in the company who is not his friend."

"Yes, I always knew Richard had a kind heart, and his letting you go in his stead was unselfish—beautiful; and I honor him for it."

"And do you not love him for it also?" the lad begged wistfully. "Say that you love him just a little."

"Nay, Billy; he is brave and kind, and he is my friend and Betty's brother, therefore do I wish him naught but good fortune and happiness; but, laddie, I do not love him."

"You are cruel—heartless!" he cried, flinging her hands away. "Richard's little finger hath more feeling in it and is worth more than your whole body."

"Your championship does you credit, Billy, and I shall not quarrel with you for appraising my value so low. Mayhap Richard thinks differently."

"Aye, that he does—more's the pity." Then taking her hands again, he said vehemently: "An you come not to love him, I pray God to curse you with an ugliness so great that no other man may ever kiss or love you! For listen, as we lay in the dark that night waiting for the moment to escape, this is what he said: 'If you get away and I do not, say to Joscelyn Cheshire that even behind prison bars I am her lover; and that if death comes, her face, or the blessed memory of it, will outshine those of the angels of Paradise.' That was his message. I have faced many dangers to bring it to you. Now that you have it, I shall go back to my regiment, and if a ball finds me, well and good; Richard will know somehow and somewhere that I did not fail him."

The girl dropped her head low in the starlight.

"Good-by, Billy, you have filled your mission bravely. Heaven keep you safe and send you back once more to your mother and us."

"I do not wonder that he loves you, Joscelyn, you are so beautiful, and you can be so sweet—so sweet," he exclaimed, and then ran away into the dark, leaving her alone with the words of the love-message ringing in her ears.

So still she stood that a big moth flying wearily by rested a moment on her shoulder; across the way her mother was bidding Aunt Clevering good-night with many admonitions to sleep well, and from down the street came the voices of the singers chanting of victory and the home-coming of loved ones. But above everything the girl on the dark balcony heard a deep, strong voice saying, "Even behind prison bars I am her lover."

Prison bars!

And suddenly she threw up her arms in the flower-sweet dusk and whispered vehemently:

"Set him free, dear God, set him free!"

CHAPTER XIII.

DREAMS.

"For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine."

—OLD SONG.

"ROUSE up, Richard! Rouse up, man! An you give way like this you'll soon be taking the ship-fever and dying. 'Tis no use to wilfully hasten the end," said Peter Ruffin to the apathetic man beside him.

But Richard sat staring over the waters,

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saying only in a dogged way, "'Tis no use to retard it."

"Aye, but it is; something may happen—Washington may drive Clinton from New York——"

"He cannot, for he hath not the force."

"—Or we may escape."

Richard glanced around the deck where guards, armed to their teeth, trod in ceaseless vigil, and then looked away to the shore, where a few cabins marked the station of the shore patrol who took up the watch where the ship guard left off, thus making assurance doubly sure.

"With the sea and a double guard against us the chance is not worth the counting."

"A resolute man could swim ashore from here."

"Methinks he could most easily, especially with the tide in his favor; but if he eludes the watch here, the patrol yonder will shoot him like a rat when he crawls out of the water. No, Peter, I have gone over it all in my mind, calculated the method of reaching the water, the length of the swim, and the best place to land. I have even tried to get speech with Dame Grant when she comes with her wares, to see if she could not be bribed to aid me; but the warden never takes his eyes from her until her sales are over and her boat ready to start. She has a solemnly sour face, but mayhap a gold piece would soften her heart to mercy. It was for this that I have hoarded Colborn's gold."

"I, too, thought of the bumboat woman, but gave up hope of aid from her, seeing how she is watched. 'Twere as much as her life is worth to give us the smallest assistance," answered Peter.

"Yes, we are cut off from every chance, condemned—doomed—and seeing this, I have given up hope."

"I am some twenty years your senior, Richard, and I say to you that a sane man never ceases to hope."

"Then mayhap I am insane—sometimes I think it may be so. Surely it was the arch-fiend himself who put it into the hearts of the English to turn these disease-infected hulks into prisons; no mere mortal mind could have in itself conceived such a thought. The fever or the vermin, which were worse 'twere hard to say. To rot here inch by inch, and the fight going on outside! God, but 'tis hard!"

"Hist! the guard is looking at you suspiciously. 'Tis no use getting his ill-will; let us talk of something else." And when the sentinel passed slowly in front of them the older man was talking of his boy who had died in childhood, and the younger one had dropped his head again upon his breast and sat in moody silence. Thus had life crept on for five weeks, each day of which was a slow-paced agony, each night a long-drawn horror.

Wallabout Bay, where the prison ships were anchored, cut into the Long Island shore on the north, and was protected from the storms that rocked the outer deep. Most of the prisoners were seamen, but now and then a squad of land-captives, for lack of some other place in which to confine them, were sent thither to starve and suffer and wait their turn to die. The wound in Richard's head had healed, thanks to Colborn's salve, but the confinement, together with the scant and rancid food and the foul air in the ship's hold where the nights were passed, was slowly undermining his strength of body and of will. Each morning the inhuman order, "Rebels, turn out your dead!" which the guard called down through the opened hatches, sent a shiver of horror to his very soul; and the feeling was not lessened as he aided in selecting the poor fellows who had died in the night, and saw them sewed into their blankets and rowed away to shallow graves upon the shore. Two of the prisoners were made to act as grave-diggers on these occasions, the guard going merely to superintend.

Twice in the past weeks Richard and Peter had gone in the funeral-boat, and on each occasion thoughts of making a break for liberty had haunted them. But the futility of such an attempt was made apparent by the proximity of the shore

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patrol, within range of whose guns the graves were dug. The nearest cover was a line of sand-dunes and stunted brush-growth fifty yards up the level beach, before reaching which a man could be pierced by twenty bullets. Regretfully and angrily the two men noted this, and later on had it all doubly impressed upon them by the shooting of a prisoner who, one day, when the grave was half-filled, made the mad attempt to get away. Only one of the two impressed grave-diggers came back in the boat that day, for the other was buried where he fell; and the harshness of the ship-jailers increased toward those who remained.

"Look," said Richard, shuddering, the second time he and Peter were detailed to take a corpse to the sandy burying-ground; "already the waves have opened some of the graves and left the poor fellows but the scantest covering. Before long their bones will whiten to the sun."

"It is a sickening certainty! And all of this you and I might escape if so we would but go back yonder to the warden and take the oath of allegiance to the king, and change these tattered coats for gay uniforms of scarlet," answered Peter.

"True; but like these who have gone before us we will die in the ship yonder and fester here in the sand first. Between death and English slavery there is a quick choice, and we made it long ago. But promise me, Peter, that if I die first you will ask to come as my sexton, and dig me a grave deep enough to keep me from the sea for at least a little while."

"I will; and you will do a like thing for me. But as I told you the other day you will go before me, and soon at that, if so you keep up this dreary moping."

But Richard could not bring himself to hope. The absolute helplessness of their position, the powerlessness of action of any sort took from him the ability to reason normally. Everything twisted itself backward to the wretched and relentless present, turn where he would for consolation. And so after the morning tasks of airing blankets and scrubbing decks were performed, he sat all day looking sullenly out over the water, studying the changing moods of the sea, watching the gulls as they flapped past or went soaring upward with the glancing sunlight on their wings. And all this while there was but one clear thought in his mind—Joscelyn. Plainer than the faces about him he saw her features, and above the ship noises and the restless wash of the waves he heard the sweet accents of her voice. Incessantly he brooded over each memory of her, recalling the chestnut tints of her hair, the blue lights in her eyes, and the rose hues of cheeks and lips. Her beauty had never before appeared to him so great or so much to be desired as now.

"Even behind prison bars I am her lover;" often he said the words to himself, wondering morbidly if Billy carried her the message, and what she said in answer. He would never know, of course, for his career must end yonder in the sand with his unfortunate fellows; but liberty itself would not be sweeter than some token, it mattered not how small, of her sorrow and her favor. How he longed for her, body and soul! Always in fancy he kissed her good-night, holding the sweet face between his palms and watching to see the eyes droop under his ardent gaze, and the delicate lips quiver with the passion of his caress. He told himself it was only such fleeting fancies as these that kept him sane. For in these moments she was tender and loving, and she was all his; and the unknown husband—he who would one day claim her in reality when he himself, with his idle dreams, should be dead and gone—he hated with a jealous rage as vital as though the man stood before him in the flesh; and he looked at his fingers with a dull sense of their strangling powers, and longed to feel them tighten over a purpling throat. Peter talked of heaven, of its rest and peace, but how could there be for him either joy or peace even in Paradise while another man held Joscelyn in his arms? Often in his cloying misery he tried to make out who this other lover would be, but no one, not even Eustace Singleton, seemed to fill the place. Once, and his heart

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had been hot with jealousy at the thought, he had imagined that under hers and Eustace's frank friendship there lingered a warmer feeling; but this fancy stood no test of observation, for in no act of Joscelyn's was there a trace of that air, indescribable yet unmistakable, that marks the beginnings of love; and of late months Eustace had a way of looking at Betty that put strange fancies into Richard's head. No, Joscelyn and Eustace were not lovers; it would be some one else, some stranger who would claim all the sweetness of her love. And at the thought the murderous fingers writhed upon each other, and the sweat of agony was on his brow. Then his fancy would take another turn. There was no other lover, there never would be any other; by strength of his love she belonged to him here and would be his through all eternity. In heaven there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, so the Bible said; but surely God would be merciful to him, knowing how he had missed his happiness here.

This was the dream-palace in which he dwelt, while he gazed vacantly over the sunlit sea and waited to be sewed into his blanket and carried across to the white sands by those who, in their turn, one after another, should follow to the same end.

And then, one morning when August was well on the wane, something happened that broke the spell of deadening despair that held him in its grasp.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEWS OF LOVE AND WAR.

"Hidden perfumes and secret loves betray themselves."

—JOUBERT.

"JOSCELYN, from my upper window I have seen a rider turn into the next street and make for the tavern. Perchance he brings news or letters. Will you come with me and see?" It was Betty's voice under her window, and Joscelyn put her head out a moment to say she would go; then ran down-stairs. And go she did in spite of her mother's vehement protest.

"'Tis scarce three weeks gone since you were reviled in the streets as a Tory, and now you will go thrust yourself in place to receive the same treatment again. 'Tis folly—aye, worse than folly!"

But Joscelyn scarcely heard, for in the street Betty was pulling her along at such a pace.

"Methought you would be glad to get a letter from—well, from— It is something over three weeks since you last heard from—" a shy little laugh finished the sentence, and she gave Joscelyn an extra pull which set them into a run.

"How glad somebody would be to see you in such haste to get a letter written to me," panted Joscelyn, laughing.

"Whither away so fast?" cried Mistress Strudwick from her door; but they did not stop to answer, only calling back merrily that a man, grown, yet not old, nor crippled, nor blind, had ridden into the square, and they were going to have a look at so wonderful a curiosity.

As they turned into the open space before the courthouse, the town-bell struck a few resonant notes, a signal from the decrepit old ringer that there was news for somebody. In a few minutes the place was thronged with eager wives and mothers and sweethearts crying out for tidings of their loved ones. Did the man bring any? Yes, he was but now out of the north; whither he went mattered not to them, a man's mission was his own secret, but in his pouch were letters for towns along the route, and he brought, besides, news of the dreadful massacre in Pennsylvania. And when the few letters were distributed he stood upon the steps and told the pitiful story of Wyoming Valley.

"The able-bodied men were away fighting with Washington, only the old men and women and children remained. Upon this helpless band hundreds of British and Indians, led by Butler, fell, driving them to the fort. Thence the men, shaking with age but not with fear, sallied to the attack, were defeated and captured, and in

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sight of those within were tortured with every fiendish device the savages could invent. Then the fort surrendered, and in spite of Butler's efforts tomahawk and scalping-knife did their deadly work among the helpless captives. Outraged women, spitted upon rails, saw their tender babes brained against rocks and trees. The yells of the captors were mingled with the cries for mercy and the shrieks of the dying, and night was turned into day by the light of burning villages. In all the beautiful valley not a house was spared; and where had been prosperity is now but a desolate wilderness strewn with graves and ruins."

When he finished women were weeping upon each other's necks, thinking of their own little ones and those other murdered babies. And fierce was the denunciation of Butler for enlisting in his army savages whose brutality could not be controlled. This was not war, it was assassination, as cowardly as it was cruel.

So bitter was the feeling aroused that for a while the fact that the courier had brought some letters was quite overlooked, until Mistress Nash and Janet Cameron came forward with epistles which contained messages for many of those present. Then it was remembered that the other two letters had both been for Joscelyn Cheshire, and immediately a dozen voices demanded her. But she was already well down the street, her arm linked in Betty Clevering's.

"Come away, Aunt Cheshire will be wretched about you," the latter had whispered to her, remembering the scene in this very place a few weeks before and dreading a repetition of it, and in her secret heart wishing that at least one of the letters in Joscelyn's hand should not be read aloud to the public, knowing well that in it was some love-message for herself, for was not that why Eustace wrote so often to Joscelyn? And so she dragged her companion back the way they had come; but as they walked Joscelyn tore open the letter with the familiar seal, exclaiming gayly:

"Paper is not scarce with Eustace, since he sends me three whole sheets. Let me see—Betty—Betty—Betty—just in a fleeting glance I see your name some eight times. What a fondness he hath for writing the word!"

"Let me read with you, Joscelyn," cried Betty, her cheeks very bright; and drawing close together the two girls held the sheet between them and slackened their pace. But they were not left long to their privacy, for by the time they reached the Cheshire door a dozen neighbors were upon them.

"So, so, Joscelyn, be not running away with your tidings. Tell us what Clinton is doing in New York," exclaimed Mistress Strudwick, who had come with the others to give the girl countenance, if so she should need it.

"Aye, do not be playing the selfish, but give us the news," cried several voices.

"I am as ignorant as you of General Clinton's doings," the girl said, smiling at the first speaker, "for, as far as I have got, the letter is full of questions about somebody here at home."

"Yes, a spying letter for information, no doubt," sneered Amanda Bryce. "The courier said they were both from some one in New York. Who writes to you from Clinton's army?"

"Eustace Singleton, a handsome lad whom you know right well, Mistress Bryce."

"He sends you two letters by the same hand? Faith, he is an ardent correspondent."

"Nay, this other letter is in a strange writing. I know not yet who hath sent it."

"Break the wafer and read it to us."

"I do not choose, Mistress Bryce, to give my letters to the public."

"Do not choose because you do not dare."

"Do not dare?"

"Hush, Joscelyn, she does not mean what she says," put in Mistress Strudwick.

"Yes, I do mean it, Martha, every

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word of it. She dares not read it because it is a spying letter, asking information, mayhap, which may give us over to a massacre like to that of Wyoming—that's why she dare not."

A chorus of cries and hisses arose, but the girl on the step did not quail. Her delicate lip curled with scorn. "'Tis false. You all do know I would be incapable of such wickedness."

"Then read us the letter and prove it."

"I will not."

She thrust the letter into her bosom and faced them with flashing eyes, the very picture of defiance. But a touch from Mistress Strudwick quelled the storm within her. Turning swiftly she put her arm around the old woman's neck. "There, I am going to be good. I would not distress you and mother again for the world. But you know I have the right of it."

"Yes," echoed Janet Cameron, taking her place on the other side of Joscelyn. "We all know that though you are a Tory you are no traitor; and I say out upon Mistress Bryce for hinting such a thing! I am a Continental and my father is in Charleston fighting for the cause, but I would trust Joscelyn Cheshire to the end of the world!"

Out in the crowd the sentiment against the girl instantly changed, and all but Amanda Bryce applauded Janet's words.

"Eustace Singleton writes her nought but love-letters—let her keep them," cried another girl. "Methinks I should not want the world to be reading my sweetheart's letters and counting the kisses he sends me."

"No, nor those he gives you," said Martha Strudwick with a merry wink, and instantly there was a great laugh, for the girl had been caught kissing her lover the winter day on which the troops had marched, for which imprudence her mother had soundly boxed her ears.

"And now," cried Joscelyn, when the laugh had passed, "to prove that there is no treason in this letter, I shall let Betty Clevering—as good a Continental as the best of you—sit down yonder on the bench and read every word of it before I myself have seen it. Here, Betty, be you the judge whether what is herein writ is of treasonable import; and mind you skip nothing, particularly the love passages." She laughingly pushed Betty upon the bench, and leaving Eustace's letter in her hands came back to Janet's side.

"My letter was from my brother, Joscelyn; and he said he knew not where Richard had been sent. He himself is in the old Sugar House in New York; what he suffers he will not say, but we can guess, since so much has been said of the place."

Joscelyn kissed the tearful face softly. "Perchance your imagination is overvivid. It grieves me to the quick that any of our townsfolk should suffer."

"It will be a great relief to his mother to know that Richard is not in the Sugar House."

"Yes, there is only one worse prison in the country, and that is for the captured seamen."

"Do not let us talk of its horrors."

So the conversation went on until Betty Clevering, her face like a budding rose, came forward again.

"This letter," she said, holding up the missive, "is one of friendship merely; in it I find absolutely nothing against our cause, save a curse on the war that keeps the writer from—from her he loves."

"Dear me, to see her blush one would think it were Betty's love-letter, not Joscelyn's."

"How shy she looks!"

"Betty, was it writ so tenderly that you, who are but an outsider, are abashed to read it? Truly, I wish Master Singleton would give lessons in love writing. My man talks so much of General Washington and his doings that he quite forgets to put in the love passages."

"And 'tis for those that a woman reads her letters," said Mistress Strudwick. "The 'I love yous' and 'dears' and 'kisses' scattered through the pages mean more to her heart than the announcement of a victory. In faith, old woman as I am, I always read the last sentence first,

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knowing it will be the sweetest, if so the writer is in his senses."

"That is why I wanted so much to read Joscelyn's letter. I knew Eustace would never plot against his own town any more than she would, but an ardent love-letter makes good reading, no matter to whom it may be writ," laughed Dorothy Graham, breaking a glowing rose from a nearby bush, and holding it playfully against Betty's cheek, looking archly at her companions as she tapped first one and then the other with her finger, whereupon the laugh again arose, for some had long ago guessed at Eustace's passion.

Meantime Joscelyn, drawing somewhat apart, took the strange letter from her dress and broke the wafer. The missive covered but one scant page, but those who watched as she read saw her face grow pale and her lip tremble.

MISTRESS JOSCELYN CHESHIRE, in Hillsboro'-town:

Richard Clevering, with ten of his comrades, taken at Monmouth field, lies in one of the prison-ships in Wallabout Bay. If he is aught to you—you know best whom *he* loves—bestir yourself for an exchange, for only that can save him from the sure death that lurks in those accursed hulks. I, one of the guard that carried him there, promised him that you should know, and at the risk of discovery and punishment I thus keep my promise. He is brave and generous. It were a pity to let him die.

JOHN COLBORN.

NEW YORK, this tenth day of July, 1778.

Even in the far southern towns the infamy of those prison-ships had been told, and with a sudden gesture of compassion the girl stretched her arms toward the opposite house.

"Aunt Clevering, poor Aunt Clevering!" and thrusting the letter into Mistress Strudwick's hands, she exclaimed: "Here, read it—read it aloud, then take it over yonder—I cannot." And gathering Betty close in her arms she listened while the letter was read to the sorrowing women.

"Who are the others? Called he no names?"

"Oh, mayhap one is my son!"

"And another may be my husband."

"Even the Sugar House had been easier than this! Mark you what we have heard of the ferocity of the jailors, the foulness of the food, the loathsomeness of the ships! They will die, our brave lads will all die there!"

And the letter went the rounds of the town, carrying sorrow everywhere and a miserable dread and uncertainty into many homes, for all of the men missing from Monmouth were not yet accounted for. Whose dear ones were suffering with Richard, mine or thine, or our neighbor's?

All the afternoon Joscelyn paced her floor, her brow knitted, her fingers clenched. She knew best whom he loved? Yes, she knew. Every day for the past year he had let her see his heart; even in their quarrels over the war he had not forgotten that he loved her. At first she had taken it for a passing fancy, and had treated him with laughing coquetry, fanning his love later on into the white flame of passion. Then it was she realized what it was with which she was playing.

And now he was lying in that loathsome ship, with the fever on one side and the harsh keepers on the other. Did she care as he wanted her to care? No, but her anger against him for his persistent assumption of her acquiescence in his suit was all forgotten; she remembered only the happy side of their friendship and that he was Betty's brother. She could not put aside the appeal in Colborn's letter, for it was an appeal from Richard himself; and yet what could she, a mere girl without aid or influence, do to set him free? That was why her hands were clenched and she paced her floor with quick steps. Then at last she sat down, and opening her portfolio she wrote for half an hour, covering sheet after sheet. When they were done she gathered them up quickly and ran down-stairs and crossed the street to the opposite house. There all was sadness and tears because of Colborn's news.

"Here, Betty," she said, placing the folded sheets upon the table; "Eustace Singleton is on Lord Cornwallis's staff and must have influence with him, and through him, with General Clinton. I

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have written Eustace to use all effort and despatch in Richard's behalf, but you must add a postscript to make the plea effective."

"And why, I pray you, should he heed a postscript from Betty?" asked her mother angrily, forgetful for a moment of her grief.

"Because," Joscelyn answered, facing her calmly, "he loves her, and the few words she writes will outweigh all my pages."

"What? That Loyalist, the son of Joseph Singleton, our old enemy, in love with my daughter? This is some mockery."

"It is the sober truth."

"I do not believe it. Betty, put down that quill; I will not have you stoop to ask a favor of that family."

"Not even for Richard's life and freedom, Aunt Clevering?"

"I do not believe he has any influence. In love with my daughter—what impudence!"

"Rather what good fortune, since it may save your son."

"Mother, it seems our one chance; bid me write."

The older woman's features worked spasmodically, but presently she nodded slowly. "For Richard's sake, Joscelyn, yes; but mind you, Betty will set him out in short order if ever he presumes to declare himself. She knows her duty; no Singleton blood comes into my family."

She could not see Betty's face, for Joscelyn stood between them; but two weeks later Eustace kissed the blots where the tears had fallen just under her pleading little postscript:

"Because of all you said to me in Joscelyn's parlor, because of your red roses which I wore in the privacy of my room until they faded, I beseech you, save my brother!"

"But, oh, Joscelyn, suppose he can do nothing?"

"Then, dear, we must carry our plea to Lord Cornwallis. My father and he were friends in England; perhaps we may gain his ear through that old-time acquaintance."

"And how will you reach Cornwallis?" Mistress Clevering asked doubtfully.

"If need be, Betty and I will seek him in General Clinton's camp."

Betty put her face close to the girl's. "Joscelyn, after all you are not indifferent to Richard," she whispered, half wistfully, half joyously.

But Joscelyn's face was almost stern. "This letter from Colborn is in truth a plea from Richard. Think you I could let such a thing pass unanswered—and from your brother, too?"

"God bless you, Joscelyn, though your heart is as hard as flint."

CHAPTER XV.

AN AWAKENING AND A MUTINY.

"I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire,
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie;
Be tossed aloft through tracts of endless void—
But cannot live in shame."

—JOANNA BAILLIE.

BESIDES the patrol and the ship's longboat only one other ever tied up to the prison-vessels, and that one belonged to Dame Grant, the bumboat woman, who brought such small luxuries as the prisoners were able to purchase. She herself seldom came on board, but sent up her tiny parcels by two boys who made their deliveries under the eye of the warden. This was the woman Richard had hoped to bribe to aid his escape, but with whom he had never found the smallest opportunity to speak at close range. She was corpulent and coarse of feature, and the boys who served her often felt the weight of her big hand; but Richard had once thrown her a jest over the rail, and she had laughed good-naturedly, showing that she had a soft side to her rough exterior. In the lining of his ragged boot were the few coins Colborn had given him, but not so much as a letter had he been able to bribe her to take. Often he cursed the watchfulness of the sentinel, longing to send at least some little message to those who thought of him in far-off Hillsboro'-town.

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The morning of his awakening from the despairing stupor in which nearly two months had been passed, it so chanced that Dame Grant brought in her boat a basket of pears. Very luscious they looked, for sun and dew had kissed them lavishly; but only the guards could pay their price, so the prisoners feasted with their eyes only. By and by, however, one of the sentinels who had purchased some of the fruit went to attend to some duty below, and left one of the pears on the rail of the deck. So transparent was his action and so subtle the temptation, that it almost seemed he had set a delicate trap for some unwary captive. If, indeed, it was a trap, it caught its prey; for one of the prisoners, a poor old man, starving, yet too ill to eat the mouldy biscuit and rancid meat that was their daily portion, saw the tempting fruit and stole it, hoping the owner would think it had rolled off into the water with the rocking of the ship. But nothing escaped the argus-eyed watch; one of the other sentinels saw him as he ravenously devoured it, and collaring the trembling culprit carried him to the warden. He acknowledged the theft, excusing himself on the plea of extreme hunger, and begged for mercy. He might as well have asked for the sun whose rays whitened the deck and shimmered on the restless waves.

"I will make an example of him that we may have no more thieving on this ship. Order the prisoners out that they may see," commanded the warden, a big-thewed fellow with the face of a bulldog.

The culprit, whose age alone should have protected him, was stripped to the waist and dragged to the middle of the deck, where he stood weak, scarred, emaciated, as pitiful an object as the sun ever shone upon. In a wide circle about him were crowded the unwilling prisoners, their faces scowling with a helpless rage; and behind these were posted the guards with levelled guns. While the warden knotted his lash Peter and Richard, after a whispered consultation with those nearest to them, stepped forward and touched their caps.

"If you please," said Peter, acting as spokesman, "we will all of us give something towards the price of the fruit if you will spare this man."

The warden wheeled suddenly upon them and struck out with his whip, barely missing Peter's head. "Back with you, an you want not the lash upon your own backs, hounds that you are! The first man of you who stirs again shall have his share of this pastime." The ferocity of his look and voice quelled any further attempt at conciliation, and the prisoners turned their faces sullenly away.

"So it's delicacies your stomach craves, is it?" sneered the warden to the trembling man before him. "Well, does that taste like pears—or that—or that?" and the cruelly knotted lash swirled through the air and fell again and again upon the quivering flesh of the helpless creature. The man staggered, screamed, reeled from place to place, and finally fell. A harsh laugh answered his cries for mercy, and the lash went on until the blood spurted from the livid welts upon his body, while his groans were horrible to hear; and the prisoners groaned in answer. But the warden's fury was aroused, and the blows fell until insensibility mercifully came, and the man lay still in a pool of his own blood.

"So shall it fare with every thief among you!" cried the warden, throwing the whip down and facing around the scowling circle. But he saw there no intimidation, but a wrath that needed but a touchstone to burst into a storm, and he was quick to take the warning.

"Dismiss the prisoners below," he thundered to the guards, and went swiftly to his own cabin.

As Richard watched the cruel scene something had stirred and then suddenly snapped within him; the inert, despairing stupor was gone and in its place was a wild desire for action. Every nerve within him quivered with a savage impulse to give the brutal warden blow for blow—nay, two for one; that was what he wanted to do; his fingers closed in a fierce grip, and only Peter's firm hand held him in his place.

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"The guards would riddle you with bullets before you could get to him," the latter whispered, under cover of that other terrible noise of the flogging.

"I have but once to die. Unhand me."

"Yes, but death here would be wasted. Wait."

From that hour Richard was a changed man; the dulness of despondency was gone, and in its place there had come a recklessness, a demon of desperation that nothing could still.

"I shall not stay quietly here to be flogged or to rot with the fever and starvation," he said to Peter, and his jaw was hard and square. "I shall get away or I shall die in the attempt."

Two days later the flogged man was sewed into his blanket and carried away in the funeral-boat; and the malcontent of the prisoners broke out in angry mutterings. Here Richard, who had been brooding over a plan of escape, believed he saw his chance. By night his plan was laid; and when the hatches were beaten down and they lay in serried rows in the stinking hold, he went from man to man and told his scheme. It was to be a mutiny, a direct revolt. At a given signal they were to rise in a body, fall upon the guards, overpower them—kill them—and then pulling up the anchor they were to run the ship to the open sea, beach her somewhere on the Jersey coast if she gave signs of leaking, and take their chance to hide along the shore until they could get away into the interior. Richard was to head them, for in his voice and manner the men recognized the spirit of a leader. He longed with something akin to ferocity to strike the first blow at the warden.

"And besides," he said, "since I have proposed the plan it is but meet that I should assume the first risk. If I fall, Peter will take my place. Jack Bangs here has been on the sea all his life, and knows the coast hereabouts as we know our farms at home. What say you to giving him charge of the ship and letting him choose his own sailing crew?"

"Good; he is the man for the place."

"Very well," said Bangs; "but we cannot go down the Jersey coast, for we would have to pass too many posts of the enemy besides the guns in the New York harbor. We must steer east down the sound, and if the ship is beached, it must be on the Connecticut or Rhode Island coast."

"Very well; that is not so convenient, since it takes us far from our army, but anywhere will be better than here."

They counted every risk: the difficulty of disarming the guards, the proximity of the other two prison-ships, the interference of the shore patrol in their swift-sailing boat, the disabled and sail-less condition of their own vessel; but nothing turned them from their purpose. Every detail of the plot was arranged when toward morning the men lay down for a little rest and sleep.

All the morning Richard scrubbed or cleaned as the guards bade, and then sat on deck with his eyes alternately upon the sun and the ship.

But toward the middle of the afternoon Richard noticed signs of dissatisfaction among a few of the men near the stern. They were evidently angry about something. A quarrel at this spot was a daily occurrence, and occasioned no surprise among the sentinels; but Richard guessed that some other cause was at the bottom of this, and gradually made his way to Peter's side.

"'Tis Henry Crane," Peter whispered, and his close-shut fists showed an emotion his face concealed. "He is jealous that the ship was given to Bangs rather than to him, and he and some of his fellows—his old crew—are threatening mischief."

"Fool, to risk his neck and liberty for a damnable vanity!" Rising, Richard crossed to the group of players, and sinking down upon the deck gathered the bits of wood and buttons into his hand as though to take part in the sport.

"I play to win, and the man who fouls my game—for any cause whatsoever—has

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. . . THE PRISONERS LINED UP AND ANSWERED TO THEIR NAMES.

"Jocelyn Cheshire," page 180.

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me to answer to,'' he said with stern emphasis, his fearless eyes fixed steadily on Crane's face. The man flushed and began to mumble an answer, but the guard, passing, said sharply:

"Since you cannot play without a row, break up the game.''

The players got up slowly. "You understand?'' Richard said under his breath, and Crane nodded surlily.

The afternoon wore on and all remained quiet. Crane had evidently thought better of his foolish jealousy. It was growing late, and there was going to be a high wind, and that was well, for it would set the tide yet stronger in its outward sweep, and their escape would be all the swifter.

It lacked only a little while before the drum-tap. Richard got up and stood with his face to the glowing west to take his last farewell of the dream-girl with whom he kept his tryst each evening at this hour.

"Good-by, sweetheart,'' he said in his inner consciousness. "I love you——''

"Attention! First division carry down their bedding!''

He wheeled, for he was in that first division. A quick glance about the deck showed everything quiet as usual. Crane and a few others stood at the far end of the deck awaiting their order to go down with the rest of the bedding. This would take only ten minutes, then the drum-tap for the roll-call and—death or liberty.

Swiftly the first division seized their allotment of the bedding and passed below. Knowing what was to follow they did not lose a moment; but, quick as they were, something happened up above. There was a sound as of a struggle, a fierce cry, the report of a musket, all so close together as to seem almost blended into one sound; and then the ship writhed and quivered with the reverberation of the cannon on the upper end of the deck. Richard sprang to the ladder, but thrust only his head above deck when an order to halt, accompanied by a touch of steel to his temple, brought him up with a pull. But a look showed him what had happened. Crane and three others lay motionless upon the deck, and the other two men who had stood with them were covered by the muskets of the guards, while the warden leaned against the cannon ready to sweep the deck with another shot should so much as a hand be lifted without his orders. He was absolute master of the situation. A signal was run up to the patrol boat, the two mutineers were bound and hurried away; then the drum tapped for roll-call. But no one made any show of revolt. With the guards aroused, the patrol alarmed, and that murderous cannon ready to rake the deck, it had been the act of madmen to resist; so, scowlingly and surlily the prisoners lined up and answered to their names, and then marched below, their plans all gone wrong. Richard threw himself down and sobbed like a child. The plot had failed through the malice of one man. Crane, thinking everything was ready, and that the men would all respond to the signal, gave it while Richard was below, thinking thus to snatch the leadership and gain control of the whole vessel. But the other men, watching only for Richard's signal, did not comprehend or respond to this unexpected whistle, only the five who stood immediately with Crane falling in with his plan. But even they were not quick enough, for the sentinel upon whom they leaped had time to cry out the alarm, and discharge his gun, while the warden sprang to the ever-ready cannon.

Although the prisoners felt the warden's anger in many petty ways, no other arrests were made, for the two captives took their punishment heroically and told no tales, and inquiry of course failed to elicit any information from the rest of the prisoners.

"I cannot stay here—I will not!'' Richard cried vehemently to Peter. "I am going, and soon at that.''

"What is it you propose to do?''

"I am going, or they shall kill me with a rifle-ball instead of by slow starvation,'' he said doggedly.

Then one night a month later, as they lay gasping for air in the black hold, he unfolded a plan that made Peter's heart sick with dread and uncertainty.

(*To be continued.*)

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Curiosities of Courage.

By Richard Harding Davis.

SOME years ago at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, there was a Government scout, whose name, as I remember it, was Thomson. He furnished me with a story of an incident which he considered was the best illustration of the highest form of real courage.

He had seen much Indian fighting and many shooting affairs between "bad" white men, and he was by experience admirably well fitted to speak with authority. This is his idea of the highest form of courage.

An Indian agent had sent in word to the post that the Indians near him were on the point of an outbreak, and that he believed they might sweep down upon him at any moment. Thomson and a boy lieutenant just out from West Point were detailed to ride over to the agency and make an investigation. While they were seated on the veranda of the agent's house, and while he was reciting his reasons for believing an uprising was imminent, about two hundred Indians came galloping towards them across the prairie. They were in war-paint and war-bonnets, and they came yelling and brandishing their Winchesters. The Indian agent retreated to his second-story and concealed himself beneath the bed. Thomson remained seated with his feet against the rail of the porch, and calmly observed the advancing whirlwind of painted bodies, eagles' feathers, and fluttering blankets.

The boy from West Point imitated Thomson. He knew that if on their return to the post the famous Indian fighter should give a good account of him to the older officers, his reputation would be instantly and pleasantly established. That was allowing, of course, that they ever did return to the post. So he kept his feet on the railing and puffed at his cigar. The Indians fell off their ponies in front of the scout, and their chief men began to boast, and to threaten him, while the young braves kept up a wild and nerve-racking chorus of whoops and yells.

Thomson related what followed in this way:

"I was talking to old Red Wolf, and telling him what would happen if he let loose against the settlers. I was talking fast, for they were sure enough starting on the war-path, and I knew if they weren't stopped at the start, the few of us at Fort Sill couldn't stop them after they got going. I was threatening him with the whole United States army, and trying to make him hear me, when the youngster from West Point turned his head towards me and grinned. 'Thomson,' he said, 'who's your fat friend?'

"He had his hands in his belt and his cigar in his mouth, and he spoke so quiet that I couldn't make out what he meant, but he was looking behind me, so I turned and looked too. An old chief, weighing about three hundred pounds, had slipped off his pony and crept up behind me, and was pointing his Winchester at full cock just back of my ear. When I turned my head the muzzle punched me in the cheek. Now, what I say is, that any man that knows he's got to die can be cool and funny about it himself, and let on he don't care, but a man who can be cool and funny when his friend has got to die is a damned brave man." For the benefit of those who want to know what happened after that, I can only tell them that Red Wolf interfered in behalf of Thomson, and that he and the lieutenant were allowed to return to Fort Sill, where for many years after Thomson quoted the boy as being the bravest man of his acquaintance.

This point of view of Thomson's is interesting, but not convincing. It is certainly difficult enough to say just what is the highest form of courage, but I do not

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believe that Thomson's definition is the best one. Still, who is to decide? The act for which one general would recommend a Victoria Cross would cause another to convene a court martial. It is so easy to mistake bravado for bravery and recklessness for courage, and it is always necessary to discriminate sharply between the man who "does not know fear," and the man who knows it in all its sickening horror, and who fights against it and persists in his duty. People always speak of the man "who does not know what fear is," as though the fact were something greatly to his credit. Instead of which, of course, it is something for which he is only to be much envied, and for which he should be most grateful. A man who smokes a lighted cigar over a powder-magazine, if he does not know it is a powder-magazine, performs no surprising feat, and praising bravery which comes from ignorance of fear is like applauding a man because he is not ill at sea. The ship's steward, who is so sick that he cannot hold up his head, but who forces himself to perform his duties, is a better man than the steward with the cast-iron stomach who laughs at him. The latter is in the same class with the hero "who does not know fear."

I remember a vulgar, little brute of an officer in the Greek War, who walked up and down the trench behind which his men were lying, slapping his chest and calling upon them to observe his courage. He taunted them and insulted them, and dared them to follow his absurd example. As none of the men could see what was to be gained by strutting up and down against the sky-line, they very properly kept out of danger, and the only result of the officer's tight-rope exhibition was that he gained the amused contempt of his fellow-officers and the intense dislike of his men. And yet he exposed himself to great danger and showed a remarkable ignorance of fear. If what he did had been necessary, if he had done it to shame his men, or to inspire them with confidence, if it could have led to any good result, we who saw his performance would have considered it one of supreme daring and self-sacrifice. As it was, we called him an ass, and swore at him for drawing the fire. In this case the motive was everything. And the fact that the officer was "showing-off," and that his vanity was greater than his common-sense, robbed him of all the credit he deserved for great coolness and contempt of death.

Of all the virtues, courage is the least particular as to where it takes up its abode. There is really nothing so perplexing and disappointing to the hero-worshipper as to find that the same virtue which he admires in his chosen hero is shared by others who, but for that one quality, are his inferiors in every way, in mind, in morals, in birth, and in body. Indeed, one is inclined to believe it to be the commonest of all the virtues. It is the rarest thing in the world to hear of a regiment showing the white feather, and yet a regiment is only a collection of human beings, and human beings of by no means the highest mental or moral type. Indeed, after you have observed the way the private soldier conducts himself out of office hours, you are inclined to place courage lower than any of the virtues, even to deny that it is a virtue at all, and to class it as an instinct; for even the black-sheep in a regiment, the men who will lie, and loot, and assault women, will fight magnificently, coolly, and without a suggestion of doubt.

I was told at Washington that the reason the regimental officers did not receive the Medal of Honor, for which they were recommended on account of their bravery at the charge of San Juan Hill, was because the Government argued that if it gave the medal to one man there was no good reason why it should not give it to twelve thousand. A virtue which is shared in common by twelve thousand men must be a common virtue. As a matter of fact, the members of the Knickerbocker Club in the Rough Riders' Regiment and the negro regulars, who, had they not been soldiers, would have been barbers and servants, reached the top of the hill at exactly the same time. That is not said in belittlement of courage, cer-

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tainly not of this particular exhibition of it, which was to me one of the most moving and magnificent spectacles of a lifetime, but rather to suggest that we have cause for congratulation in the fact that the proportion of brave men is so great. One might almost say that all men are brave.

In the five campaigns I have watched, I have seen but one man who was obviously terrified, so terrified that he did not even endeavor to conceal the fact. I have seen men skulk and hang back, but I have only seen this one man show that he was a coward. Of course, to say that all men are brave, is not saying that the degrees of bravery are many and various. All men can talk, but some men can talk better than others, and they are called orators. The orators among brave men are those who by some individual exhibition of courage, coolness, or nerve, illuminate an entire battle-field, or at least inspire and set an example to a regiment.

One of the most interesting exhibitions of coolness I ever witnessed was the one given the Rough Riders during the Guasimas fight by Leonard Wood, who was then Colonel of that regiment, and who is now Major-General and Governor-General of Cuba. As we advanced in open order and by short rushes, concealing ourselves as much as possible in the long grass, Wood was always plainly visible about one hundred yards in front. He had dismounted and was leading his horse up and down the firing-line, and as if to increase his chance of being shot, he had with him as an additional target Sergeant Wright, the color-bearer, carrying the regimental flag. His performance was obviously intended to steady his regiment, which was then under fire for the first time. But the regiment, as it proved in that fight, did not need steadying, although he could not know that then, and he was right in taking any risk which might help his men. He exposed himself recklessly, but his object justified his doing so. The sight of the broad-shouldered young man in a gray flannel shirt, wandering about in front of us as unconcernedly as though his horse had cast a shoe, and he was searching the grass for it, set a splendid example of nerve, and if he did nothing else he served as a sort of safety-valve, for so long as he kept one hundred yards in advance and remained alive it seemed easy to go forward. He was like the boy who wades into the water first and holds up his hands, to show the other boys how far in they can go without getting over their heads.

After the fight we learned that Wright, who had walked at Wood's side, had had his head clipped with four bullets, and that the flag he carried had been riddled with many more. In regard to Sergeant Wright, some one might ask why I do not quote *him* as "giving one of the most interesting exhibitions of nerve" I have ever seen, instead of instancing General Wood, as the men were together and both behaved equally well. The answer is, I think, that it is a question between them of initiative, and that the man who obeys orders in going into danger cannot be so highly rated as the man who leads him there. No one envies the officer the oath of allegiance he takes, which leaves him no choice as to how he must act, more than does the war correspondent, who is free to order himself about and "take up a position," or to "conduct an orderly retreat," entirely as the moment suggests. It would save him great perturbation of mind at times if there were some one over him to order him to stay where he was, whether he liked it or not.

After the battle of Colenso, General Buller raised a very pretty point, and aroused an interesting discussion by promulgating this same theory, that the soldier who initiates deserves more credit than the one who simply obeys orders. In his official report of the battle he recommended for the Victoria Cross the three officers who had voluntarily ridden forward to endeavor to save the guns, but withheld a like recommendation from one of his own staff, who at his command had made exactly the same attempt. General Buller explained that though all four had shown equal courage, he was forced to "differentiate" in bestowing honors between the

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three who had volunteered, and the one who had done what he had been ordered to do.

In bestowing praise for individual acts of courage, one should also differentiate between the man who has an audience and the man who has none; the general who has such enormous responsibilities that he cannot afford the luxury of fear, and the private soldier who feels that among fifteen thousand he is not going to count for much, and wonders why he should not drop out behind a rock, and also between the man with imagination which terrifies him with possible evils, and the other with no mind to conceive of any danger that is not immediately before him.

There are some men who love a fight and many men who do not. The courage of the latter is naturally the greater. The first goes into action as though he were entering a polo match, and for the same reason; it promises to be dangerous, it is sure to be exciting. That is all he asks. Theodore Roosevelt enjoys a fight; he has been fighting some cause or party all his life, and in leading his men up San Juan Hill, he was following his personal inclination as much as any severe idea that he must die for his country. I do not know that Colonel Astor is not a fighting man, but of the two I should say he was the one who probably went into the war not so much because he liked to combat, but because he felt that his duty and the example he could set required his doing so. There were thousands of volunteers who showed, or who would have shown had they been given the same chance, as much courage as did either of these gentlemen, but I think they deserve greater credit than the others, because they had so much greater reason for remaining at home. Every man is equal in wanting to live, but it would have been so easy for them to have said that they were of more use to their country alive than dead, and it would have been so true. In the worlds of politics and affairs each had large responsibilities, and each must have known that he was doing more for the greater good of his country in the Cabinet or in directing great corporations and railway systems than he could in lying on his back in the high grass, with a campaign hat placed respectfully over his closed eyes. For the same reason, while I like better the reckless courage of the Irish regiments in the South African War, I would give the Boer a higher mark for courage. The Irishmen did not fight entirely on account of their loyalty to England, at least it is fair to question if they were inspired with as great devotion and love towards the Empire as were the Australians, the Canadians, and the Household Troops, but as pure out-and-out fighting men they gained the honors of the war. I think that this was largely so because they naturally enjoy fighting. The Boer dislikes to fight intensely, and consequently in risking his life in battle and in forcing himself to overcome the repugnance for that which to the Irishman was a joyous pastime, he exhibited greater real courage.

Of the men "who do not know fear," I think Captain Paget, of the English navy, who acted as Naval Attaché with our army during the Spanish War, gave one of the best exhibitions of lack of nerves that I have seen. This was at the fight at Aibonito, in Porto Rico, when a shell struck a few inches in front of his feet. It came from behind him and struck away from him, knocking down five other men who, being in front of it, received the full force of the concussion. It buried Paget in a mass of stones, dirt, and smoke, which rose as high as his head, and hid him from us entirely. I was sure he had been torn into pieces, but he advanced out of the smoke without having altered his step by so much as a moment's pause, and said in an annoyed tone, "Do you know that same thing happened to me once in the Soudan." He spoke as though there might be a limit even to his patience.

Another gentleman who gave an excellent example of complete indifference to danger and fear was young Lieutenant Wise, of our regular infantry, who charmed all who saw him by going up San Juan Hill, shouting to his men to follow him, and taking snap-shots with a hand camera.

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But without any question the most impressive and remarkable exhibition of coolness I have ever witnessed was that given by a young Cuban patriot, whom I saw shot as a rebel at Santa Clara.

The boy was standing with his arms and wrists bound and waiting the signal to fire. He had just received the last sacrament, had kissed the crucifix, and been ordered to turn his back on the firing squad. The captain of the squad gave two of the three last commands—those which are equivalent to "Make ready!" and "Aim!"—before he discovered that if his men fired, they would shoot into the line of Spanish soldiers who formed the right flank of the square.

Instead of giving the order to fire, he kept the condemned man waiting while he rearranged the position of the squad, and then touched him on the shoulder. It is difficult to imagine any crisis, when the nerves of a human being would be more highly strung, than at the moment when he has heard the signal which should precede his death by two seconds. To have his execution delayed and postponed then would seem to be the most terrible and trying of tortures, but this young rebel treated the cruel interruption as coolly as though a photographer had asked him to readjust his position in front of the camera. I expected him to falter, tremble, and break down, but when the captain explained to him that he must move, he turned and observed the position of the troops around him as though he saw them for the first time. He then nodded his head interrogatively toward the place where the captain ordered him to go, bowed and walked steadily toward it, again straightened his back and shoulders, held his head high, and stood erect and immovable until they shot him down.

The best story I know illustrative of brute-courage, was told me in Cairo by an English officer who had been caught inside "MacNeil's zereba." Among the thousands of black men who attacked the column was one man of giant stature, who advanced entirely alone to within a hundred yards of the square. His bearing attracted the attention of all the men, and also the fact that instead of protecting himself with his hide shield, he held it far over to one side, leaving his body quite exposed. The English took this to be mere bravado, until they saw beneath his shield the feet and ankles of a child. The man was hit four times, but each time only shook himself and sprang nearer. When he fell at last those in the square saw that he had been covering the advance of his son, a child of about eight years of age, who fell beside his father, shot through the thigh. When the attack ceased the boy was carried inside the zereba, and the surgeons dressed and bandaged his wound. He was unconscious from loss of blood, and continued so for some time. When he looked up and saw only white faces, the faces of the enemy about him, he staggered to his feet, and before any one could prevent him, ripped off the bandage and dug his finger-nails into the wound, pulling it open. The blood flowed again, and in a few moments he was dead. As the officer who saw it said, "There is no satisfaction in fighting people like that, nor in having them fight you either." Another incident of coolness on the part of a native occurred during the campaign in Burmah. The English were trying to take a wooden fort, which was protected by two trenches some three hundred yards from the stockade, and which were filled with the enemy. After the fighting had been going on for some time, the natives in the trenches rose and ran for the stockade, and the English charged forward and seized the first trench. After they had occupied it for a few minutes a tall native rose from the second trench and backed away towards the fort, firing with great care and coolness, and doggedly protecting his own retreat with his own rifle. He showed such pluck, and the fact of his having remained in the trench after all of his comrades had left it, manifested such a sporting spirit, that the officer in charge of the Tommies ordered them to cease firing, and to allow him a safe passage into the fort. The firing instantly ceased, and the native, who had been a target for

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sixty rifles, grasped what their sudden silence meant. He instantly halted and brought his rifle to the salute. Then he bowed with great dignity, and turning his back walked slowly and steadily towards the stockade. This confidence in their courtesy so pleased the Tommies that when he turned and waved his hand towards them from the door of the stockade, they cheered him all along the line.

"Bill" Anthony was one of the best examples that came out of the Spanish War of the man who can keep his head when others have lost theirs. His coolly indifferent announcement to Sigsbee that the "Maine" was sinking, either showed a soul disciplined to the condition of an automaton, or a spirit which nothing could dismay. I once asked Captain Sigsbee if the popular version of Anthony's speech was correct. He said it was, but that Anthony did not salute him as was generally told, nor preface his speech with "I beg to report, sir." "We bumped into each other in the dark," Sigsbee said, "and if he had saluted and spoken with that formality, he would have been thinking of himself and of making an effect, and not of his duty. What he really said and did is better without any of the additions which came later."

While writing this article I recalled an incident I had forgotten, but which I used to quote as a splendid instance of a properly brave and manly spirit. It has nothing to do with "the arms and the man," but has for its hero a small boy who used to go to Cutler's School in New York City. He was on the school football eleven, and one day his mother appealed to me to assist her in persuading him that football was a demoralizing and brutal pastime.

"It isn't that he won't give it up if I ask it," she said, "but he doesn't want to give it up just yet, and for such a queer reason."

I assured him I knew a hundred reasons for wanting to play football, and asked him what was his particular reason.

"When I am trying for a free catch, and am looking up in the air for the ball," he explained eagerly, "and I hear the other team charging down on me and know I'll be thrown whether I catch the ball or not, I get terribly frightened. And I asked mother to let me play on until I can get over being scared. I hate to stop as long as I'm afraid of them."

There you have the seasick steward again doing his work and fighting the nausea of fear at the same time.

Indeed, personally, I find my sympathy is entirely against the man "who doesn't know fear." I consider him a dull soul without any imagination. The man who does know it I rate higher; his courage is finer, and I would class him as the type of the bravest man.

There is the story of the bullying colonel who turned on one of his aides during a battle and cried, "Captain ——, you are frightened! You *are*, sir. You are scared!"

"You're right," replied the captain; "and if *you* were half as scared as I am, you'd be six miles in the rear."

That explains what I have been trying to say in this article.

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